



Way Out

I feel like asking for patience reader,

Note from endearer and entreater.

Noble reader, dearest reader,

Patience, please.



“back in the day”

way out, issue one.

(lunar new year's day, 2011)

1-2, 5-6, 13-14, 23-24, 39-40

Back Down (throughout issue)

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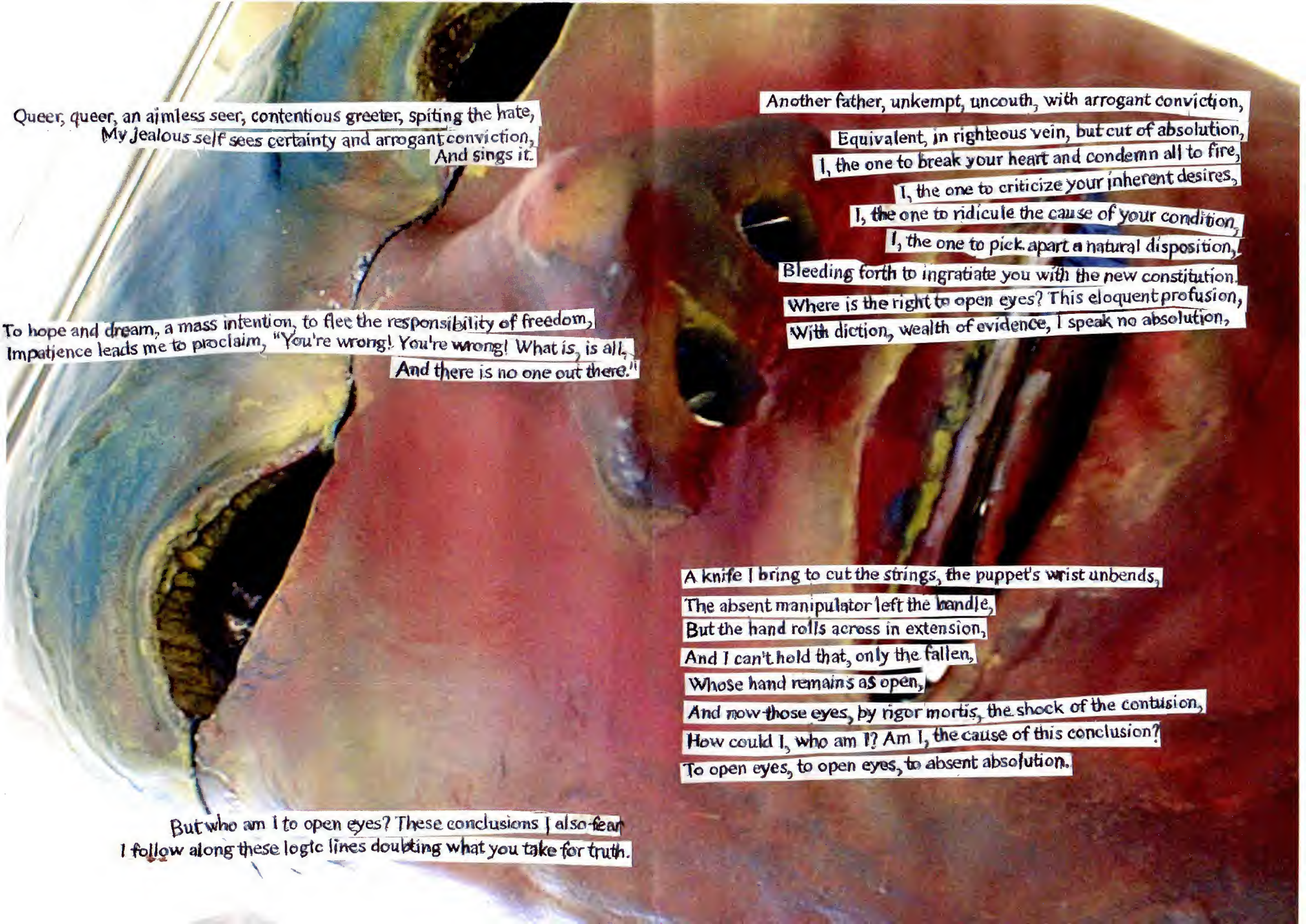
eric guo

sasha
rienne



2

3



Queer, queer, an aimless seer, contentious greeter, spiting the hate,
My jealous self sees certainty and arrogant conviction,
And sings it.

To hope and dream, a mass intention, to flee the responsibility of freedom,
Impatience leads me to proclaim, "You're wrong! You're wrong! What is, is all,
And there is no one out there."

But who am I to open eyes? These conclusions I also fear
I follow along these logic lines doubting what you take for truth.

Another father, unkempt, uncouth, with arrogant conviction,
Equivalent, in righteous vein, but cut of absolution,
I, the one to break your heart and condemn all to fire,
I, the one to criticize your inherent desires,
I, the one to ridicule the cause of your condition,
I, the one to pick apart a natural disposition,
Bleeding forth to ingratiate you with the new constitution.
Where is the right to open eyes? This eloquent profusion,
With diction, wealth of evidence, I speak no absolution,

A knife I bring to cut the strings, the puppet's wrist unbends,
The absent manipulator left the handle,
But the hand rolls across in extension,
And I can't hold that, only the fallen,
Whose hand remains as open,
And now those eyes, by rigor mortis, the shock of the contusion,
How could I, who am I? Am I, the cause of this conclusion?
To open eyes, to open eyes, to absent absolution.



libbi williams

two poems



Without movement-----

A song escaped my lips

Lying dead like two bloated worms

On the pavement

After a storm

Each pleading murmur

Cried for its past ambitions

Weeped for its forgotten dreams

With out movement-----

My eyes fluttered with anticipation

Waiting to relive the days of confrontation

That scorched like a conflagration

Of words forged in vain

Of actions forged in rage

Without movement-----

My heart beats rhythmically

Marching like a soldier

To his untimely

Yet predestined tomb

Every beat echoed fatalistically

Off of the wilted petals

Off of the sepulcher's walls

Off of the sepulcher's walls

With out move ment----

I cease to live.

if only I was air,

i would be the luckiest soul-

for

i would give Morn to the

chirping sparrows

and Moon to the

howling coyote

i would give Leaf to the

bowing trees

and Song to the

lyrical lark

if only I was air,

i would be inhaled like sweeeeeeeet nectar-

for

i would give Life;

to the tiniest ant

and to the mightiest beast

to the tallest redwood

and to the shortest bud.

if only I was air

i would... return Life to u-

i would creep into your

mouth

and **RUSH** down your

windpipe

i would **fill** your

lungs

and *slide* into your

bloodstream.

if only I was air,

if only-

libbi Williams

I am afraid; I too do not want responsibility.

But... what... if I... loved you?

Despite all my apparent disability,

Would my hand fall, much as would yours,

When cut from the life you don't understand?

You fear death, and I fear you, but who's the stronger?

No, I don't love you, I never was your sincere sharing lover,

'Madness separates love and reason,'

And we both drink of the middle ground,

But you in drunken stupor fall when cut about the strings,

And I in desperation laugh to kill the gravity.

A Nietzschean once, Romantic thence, always returns a Buddhist,

My hand and knife withdraw pristine—sheathed—yet sharp like an intention

Might life remain like my disdain for bad faith's divine histrionics?

How could I love you? I'm afraid of you.

Which, psychologically would suggest insecurity in my convictions,

And my existence.

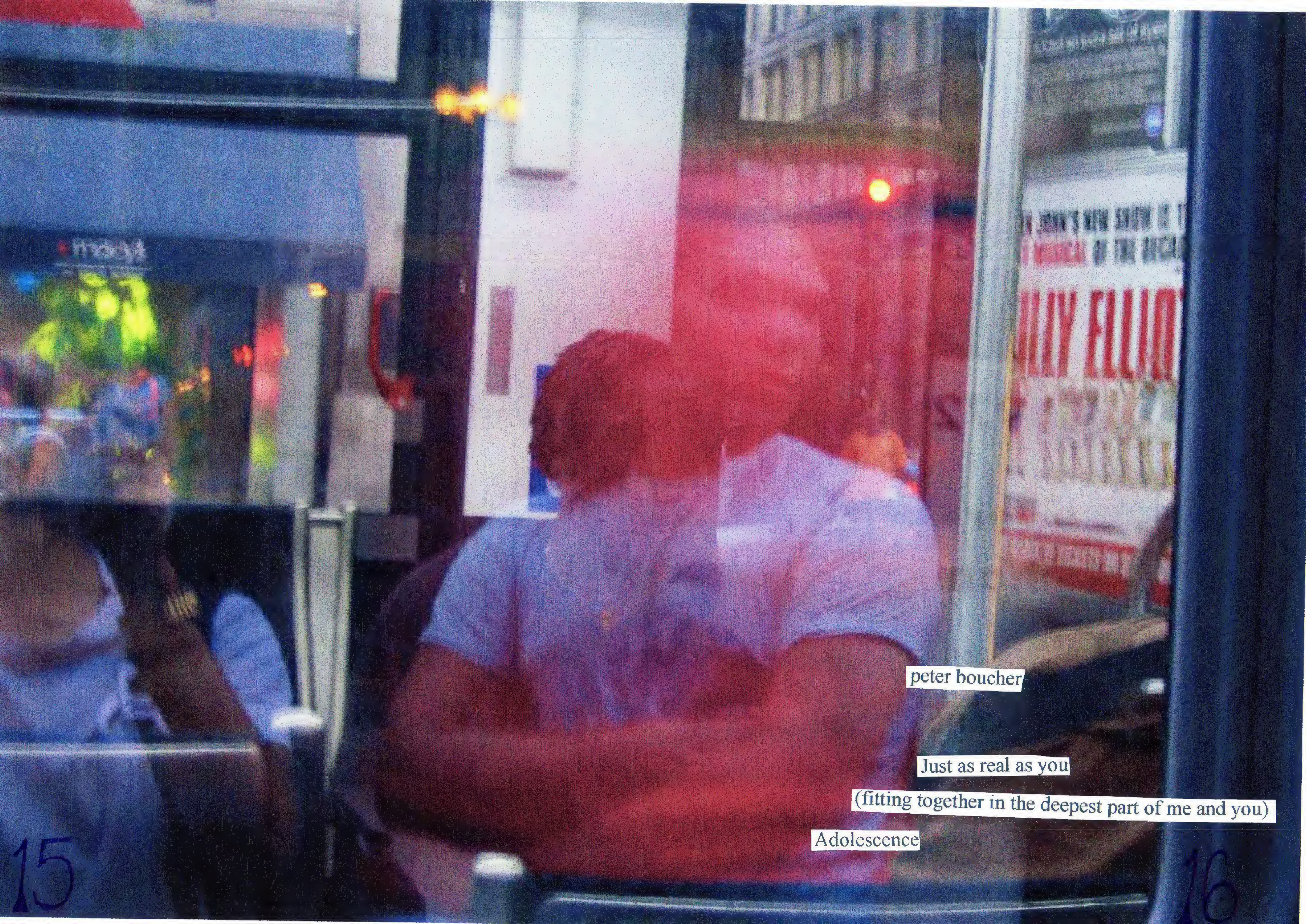
I am. Am I? Soy yo. ¿Soy yo?

No, no. No, no.

Mais, bon, je ne sais pas.

Ich. Ich! Ich? lllllhhhhhhkkkkkk...

Om



peter boucher

Just as real as you

(fitting together in the deepest part of me and you)

Adolescence

Just as real as you

I came from code

my lungs my bones my teeth my brain

where a jump start of electricity

grinds the world into sand

and sprinkles it

in the beaches

of my daydreams.

Where blue waves yellow beach

saturate the landscape

Neon dream that I fenced in-

I left it alone

crouching in my skull afraid and alone but never

pale.

Called fake! but just as real

as my peeling fingertips

and my bruised toenails

and my tar lungs.

-squints at halogen white light BULBS careening through the road! and
infant asphalt scrapes:

"When I was 10 I collapsed my legs on my front lawn and I smashed face first
into the sticks and dirt. I forgot how hard ground was. I forgot how much it hurt."

Neosporin and band-aids later I sit at the computer staring at a screen

playing candy games until my teens.

Fitting together in the deepest part of me and you

is not like a puzzle piece-

it is NOT a soft cardboard piece mashed together and an image completed a part
of an image for the
whole of an image-

NO!

Fitting together perfectly in the deepest part of me and you is a

swirl of clay in a

black void

molding into one another

constantly

turning and molding

as if kneaded by dough from

our own invisible hands.

We are *kneaded* together.

our love is *kneaded dough*.

(none of this superficial flimsy soggy brown puzzle piece bull shit,
none of these fucking layers of brown paper mashed together with
elmer's ground-up cowhoof sticky glue Bull ShiT-)

-“Who the fuck came up with that?”-

NO! No. no, no,

our love is *kneaded dough*.

but I think something happened

I think we molded together in that warm blackness

(in that sweet curled up vacuum)-

I think my clay's been,

muddied,

like a 5 year old mixing paint colors to discover

Catastrophe!

he can't take red from brown or green from brown and the muddy mess just sits
on the table and stares

at you and you Cower, curl, sleep and give up because everything's just a muddy
mess everything's just

a goddamn muddy mess

now-

you're mixed

into me.

maybe until

then

our muddy messes

mold and

swirl together

again

PBB

Adolescence

Lying
on
the floor
and watching the
ceiling fan
and the white
the white
ceiling
the
white
the w h i t e
c e i l i
n g -
p l e a s e -

Lying
on the
Floor
on the
wh i t e
white
ceiling
a n d m y g i r l f r i e n d a n d i a r e i n

PBB

love
so -
p l e a s e ! -

lying on the floor
in My house
in My study
and the white
on the white
on the white
the white

What was that? Did that just happen? It did! It didn't. I can't be sure...

And do I, did I ever love you?

Ha! Just try to localize the absurd!

In doubt I look around and it begins to seem familiar,

Again the present world awaits, my feet explore the Earth,

Exposure, then allured, censured, injured, and deterred to claim of worth,

Left obscure, in twists and turns, and labeled a rebirth,

For what?

For what?

So we can understand concepts of liberation?

For what?

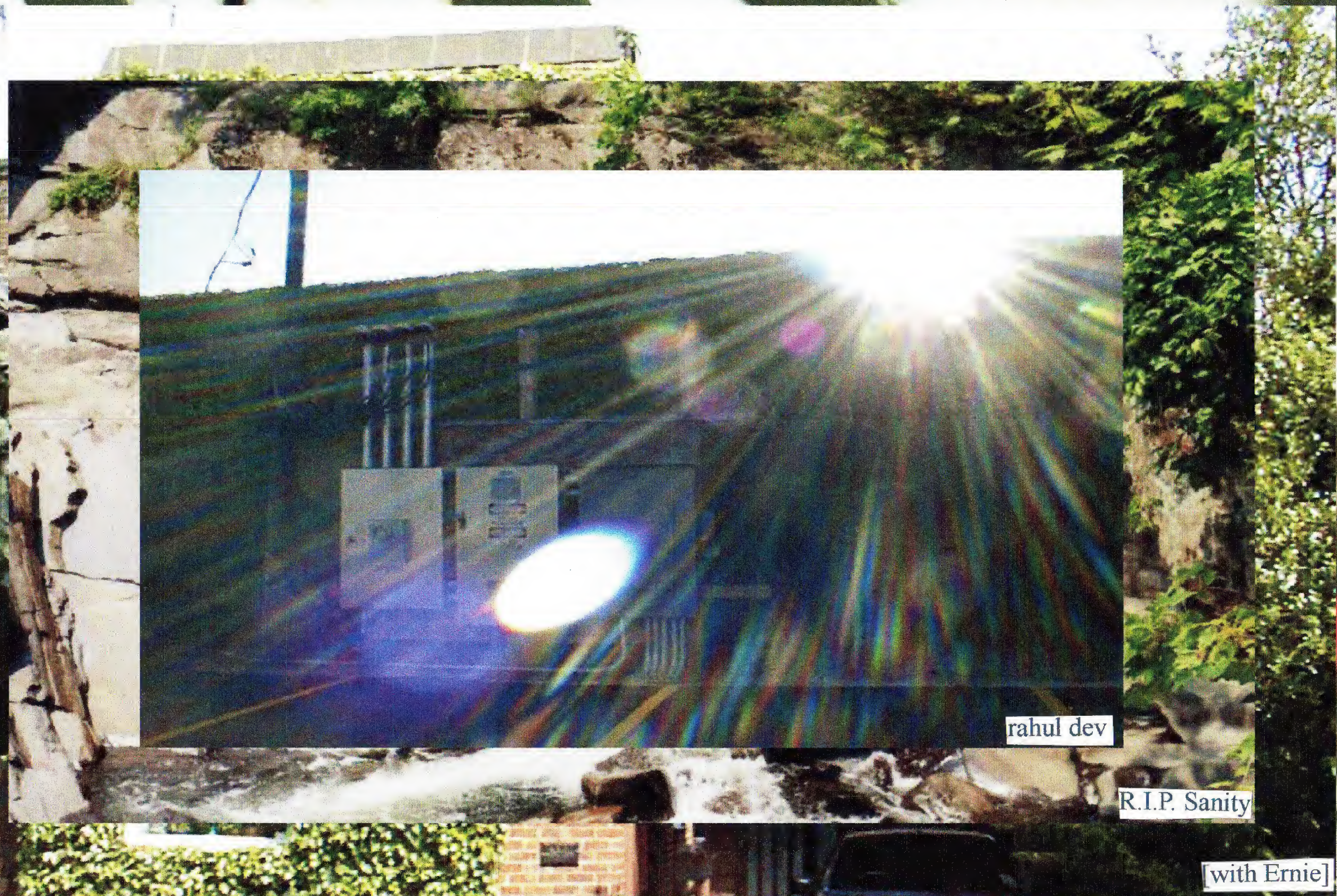
So we can cherish ev'ry fleeting, passing second?

For what?

So we can gentrify this barren, soulless wasteland?

We? Me. And someday, hopefully, possibly—

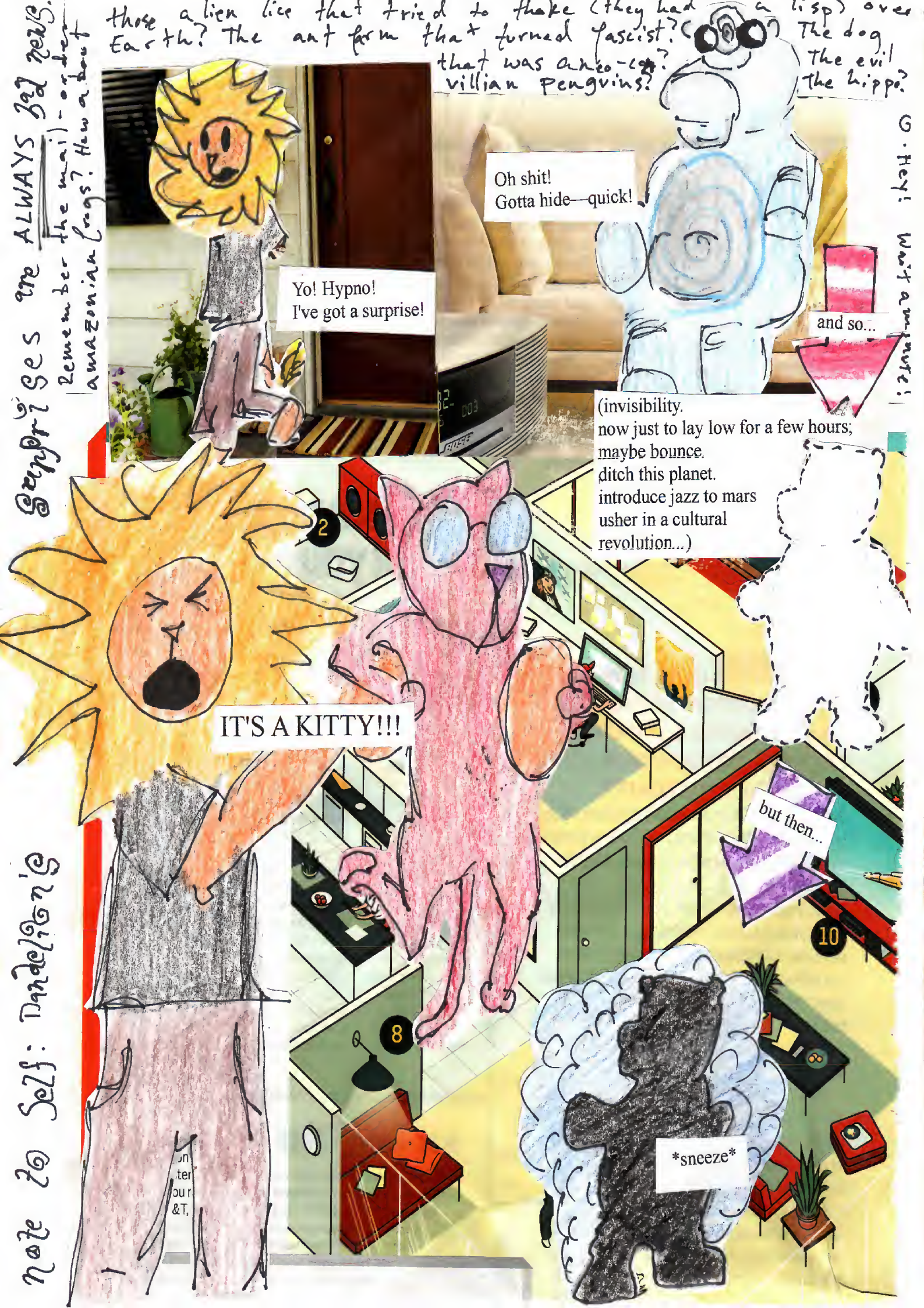
You.



rahul dev

R.I.P. Sanity

[with Ernie]



Surprises are ALWAYS bad news
Remember the mail-order
amazonian frogs? How about

note 20 Self: Dandelion's

those a lion like that tried to shake (they had a lisp) over
Earth? The ant farm that turned fascist?
The dog that was a neo-con?
The evil villian penguins?
The hippo?

Yo! Hypno!
I've got a surprise!

Oh shit!
Gotta hide—quick!

(invisibility.
now just to lay low for a few hours;
maybe bounce.
ditch this planet.
introduce jazz to mars
usher in a cultural
revolution...)

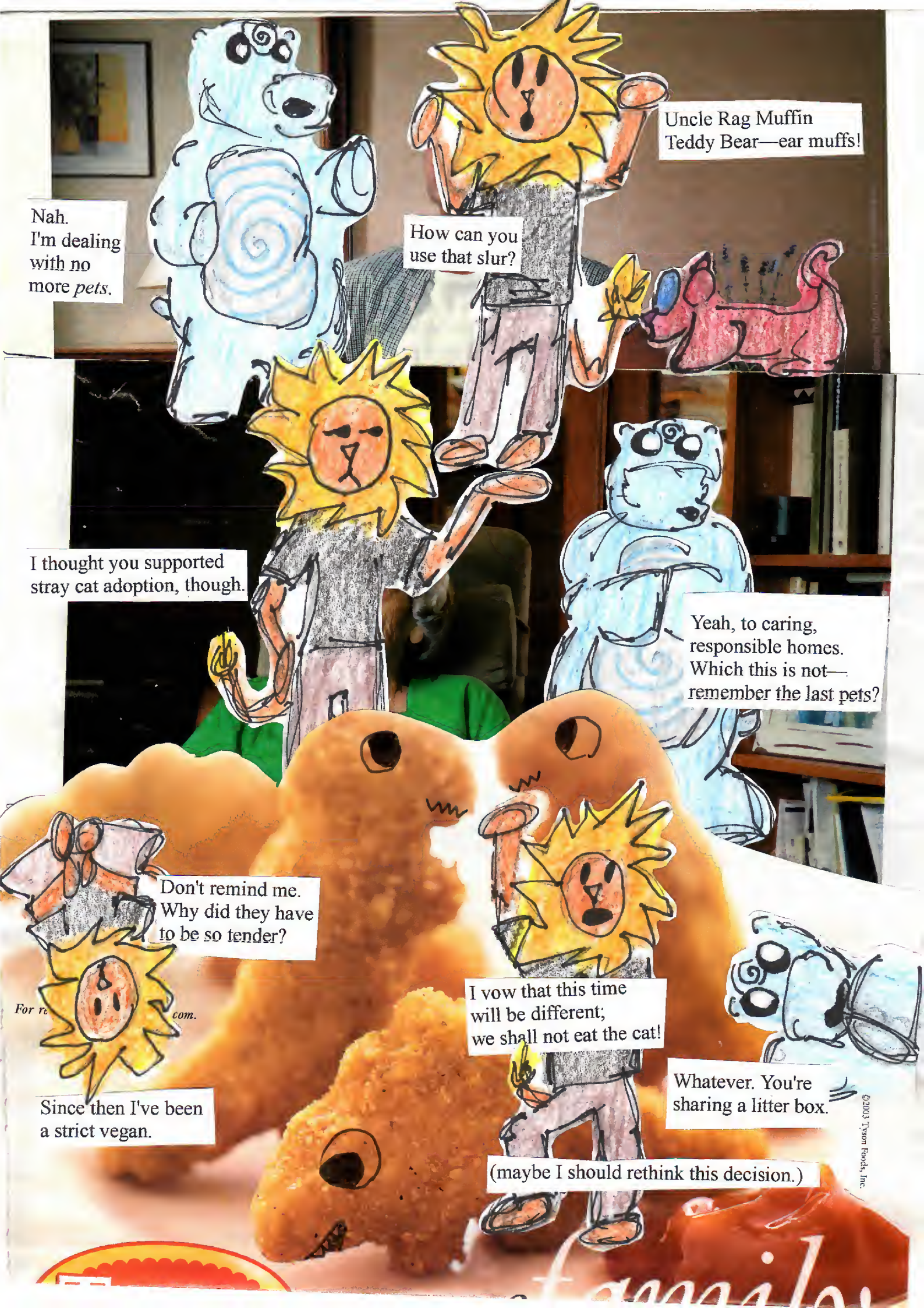
and so...

G. Hey! Wait a minute!

IT'S A KITTY!!!

but then...

sneeze



Nah.
I'm dealing
with no
more *pets*.

How can you
use that slur?

Uncle Rag Muffin
Teddy Bear—ear muffs!

I thought you supported
stray cat adoption, though.

Yeah, to caring,
responsible homes.
Which this is not—
remember the last pets?

Don't remind me.
Why did they have
to be so tender?

For re
com.

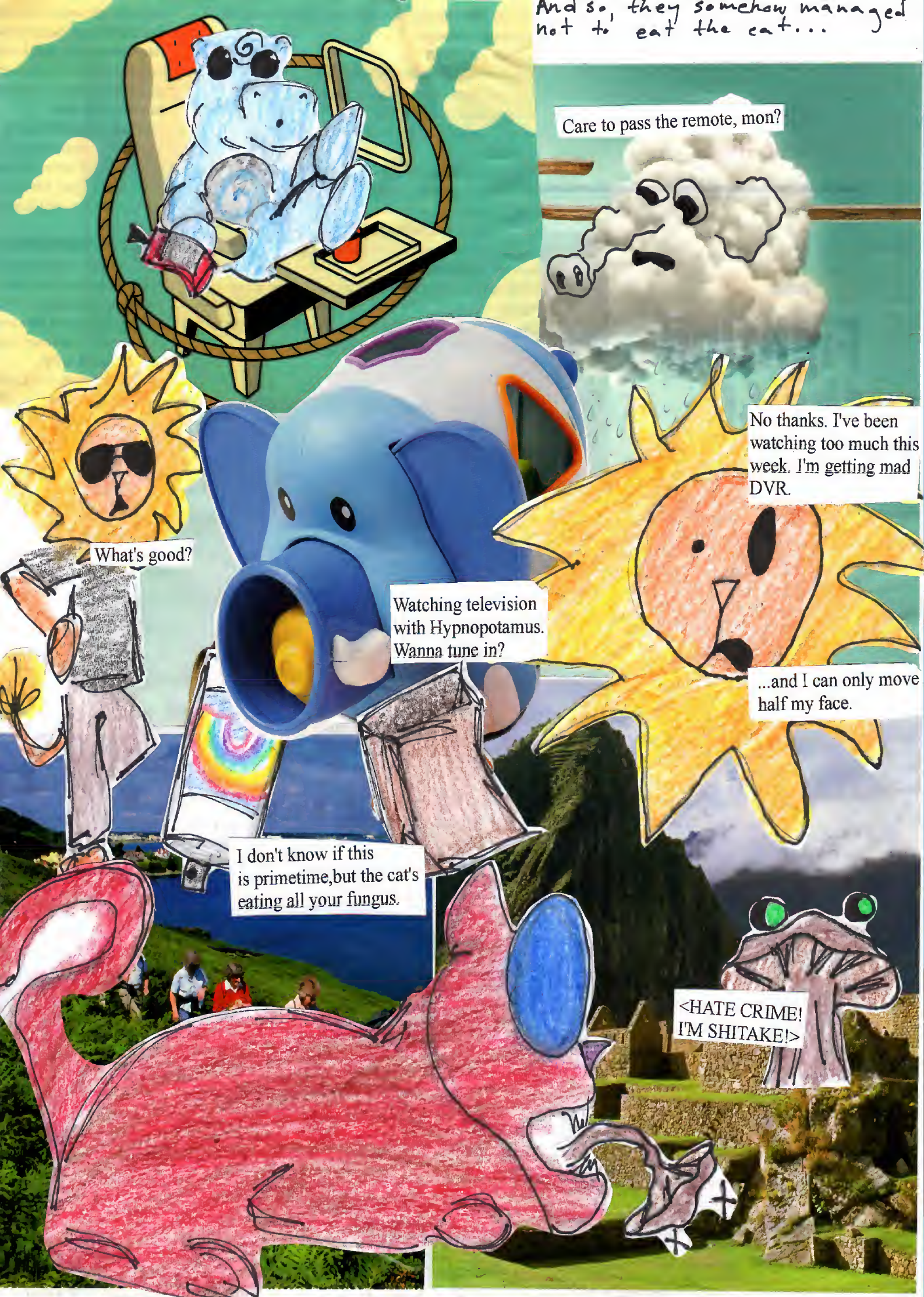
Since then I've been
a strict vegan.

I vow that this time
will be different;
we shall not eat the cat!

Whatever. You're
sharing a litter box.

(maybe I should rethink this decision.)

©2003 Tyson Foods, Inc.



And so, they somehow managed not to eat the cat...

Care to pass the remote, mon?

No thanks. I've been watching too much this week. I'm getting mad DVR.

...and I can only move half my face.

<HATE CRIME!
I'M SHITAKE!>

And so the truth flowed forth from Dandelion's pout as fear engulfed his psyche...

...neither was it his uncle, Rag Muffin Teddy Bear, as the name suggested, and Hypno had suspected...

...but rather the cat was his evil twin brother, Lionel Dandy.

Dandelion went on to reveal that since Lionel was the evil twin, he only has bad trips...

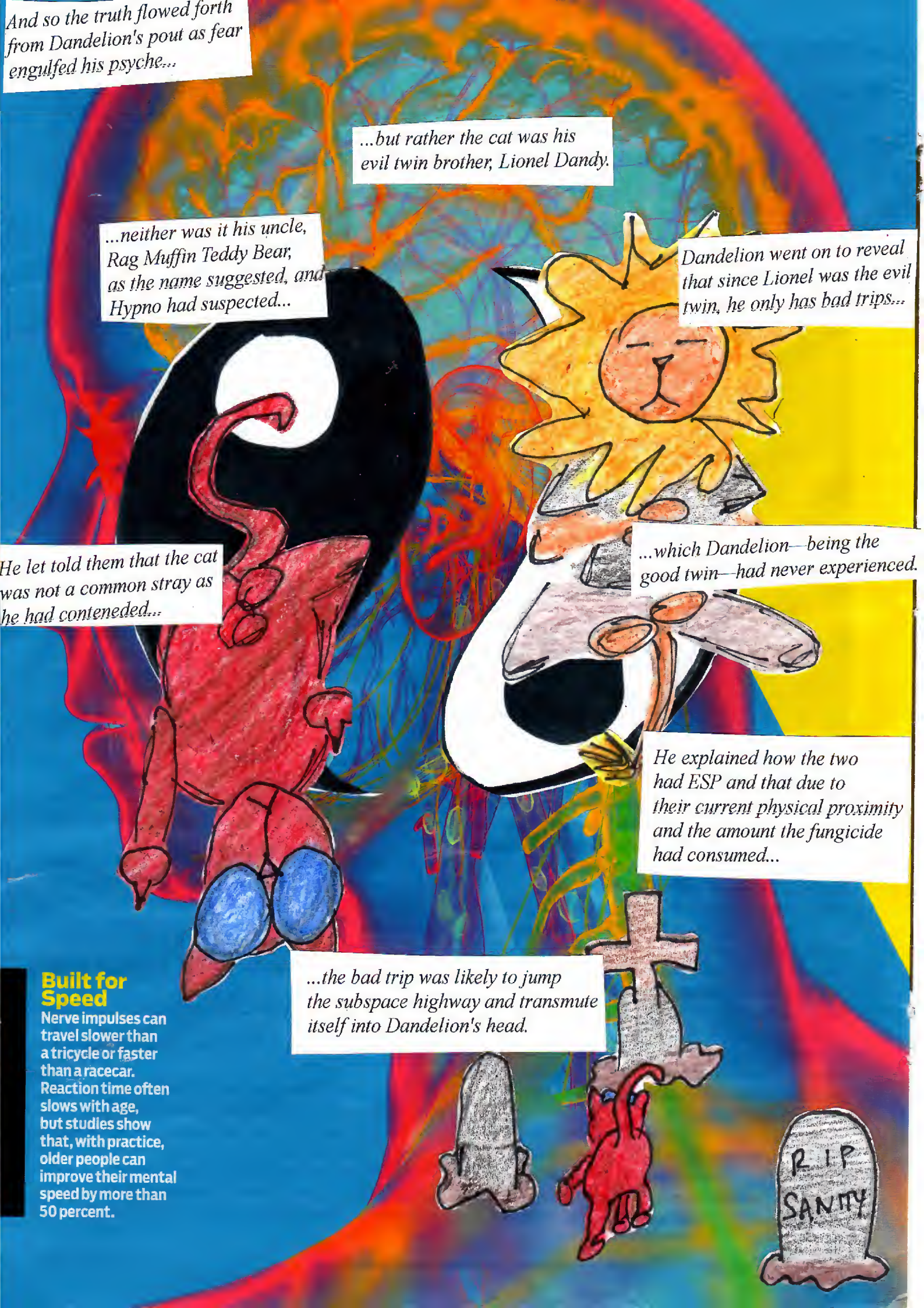
...which Dandelion—being the good twin—had never experienced.

He explained how the two had ESP and that due to their current physical proximity and the amount the fungicide had consumed...

...the bad trip was likely to jump the subspace highway and transmute itself into Dandelion's head.

Built for Speed

Nerve impulses can travel slower than a tricycle or faster than a racecar. Reaction time often slows with age, but studies show that, with practice, older people can improve their mental speed by more than 50 percent.



R.I.P.
SANTY

[with Ernie]

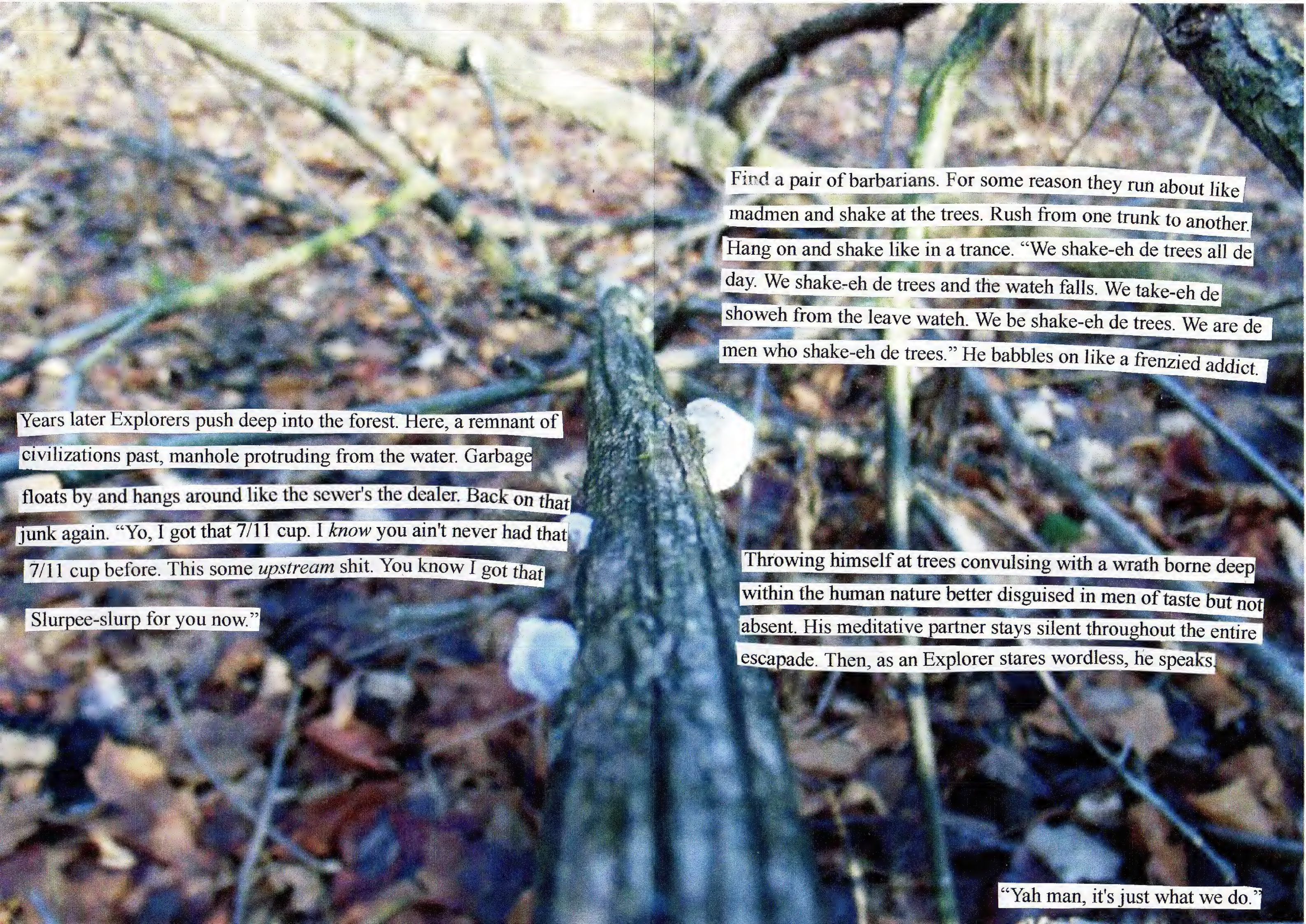
Perched in the middle of a creek, stacking stones, waiting for the mushrooms to kick in. Am I still waiting? Leech insects cling tight to rocks and refuse to dislodge. Wash it in the water and if it comes out clean, it's a good one. Like this one: figure like a bone but most definitely stone. Cap stone. With each removed rock, create a new stream for water to flow. Leave not footprints, but new pathways.

Ernie calls over. Found a lizard egg. Open to reveal two newborn spirit guides. (Later, the Philipina will teach us that these can be roasted and eaten.) Ernie departs, leaving me to wade the water alone. Step on rocks with some part above the surface. As long as the top is dry, you can balance on it. Just try to keep balanced. Because the last thing I want to do is take the three inch drop. Anything but that.

Cross a frog and turn him to stone with the psilocybin curse. New spirit guide. Stepping stones end—take the bank from here. It's speaking to me. Each step pushes down onto an air pocket below which bubbles up in the water. I'm sinking; it's eating me. Rush into the thicket, but the grass fights back. Shoots thorns into my legs I'm leaking. Jump into the creek and rub water on my calves. The best remedy for itchiness is real creek water. Look down and notice tiny white arachnids. (I just rubbed those into my legs.) Should go back to where Ernie and I split to wait for him.

“That was the most FRIGHTENING shit I have *ever* taken. Let's get the FUCK out of here.”

The only reason we identify this body with the *I* is because this is the only object with which we can have multiple sensory relations simultaneously. Close your eyes and imagine that you had no concept of what form *you* took. Try to determine where *you* end and where everything else begins. Leave this world.

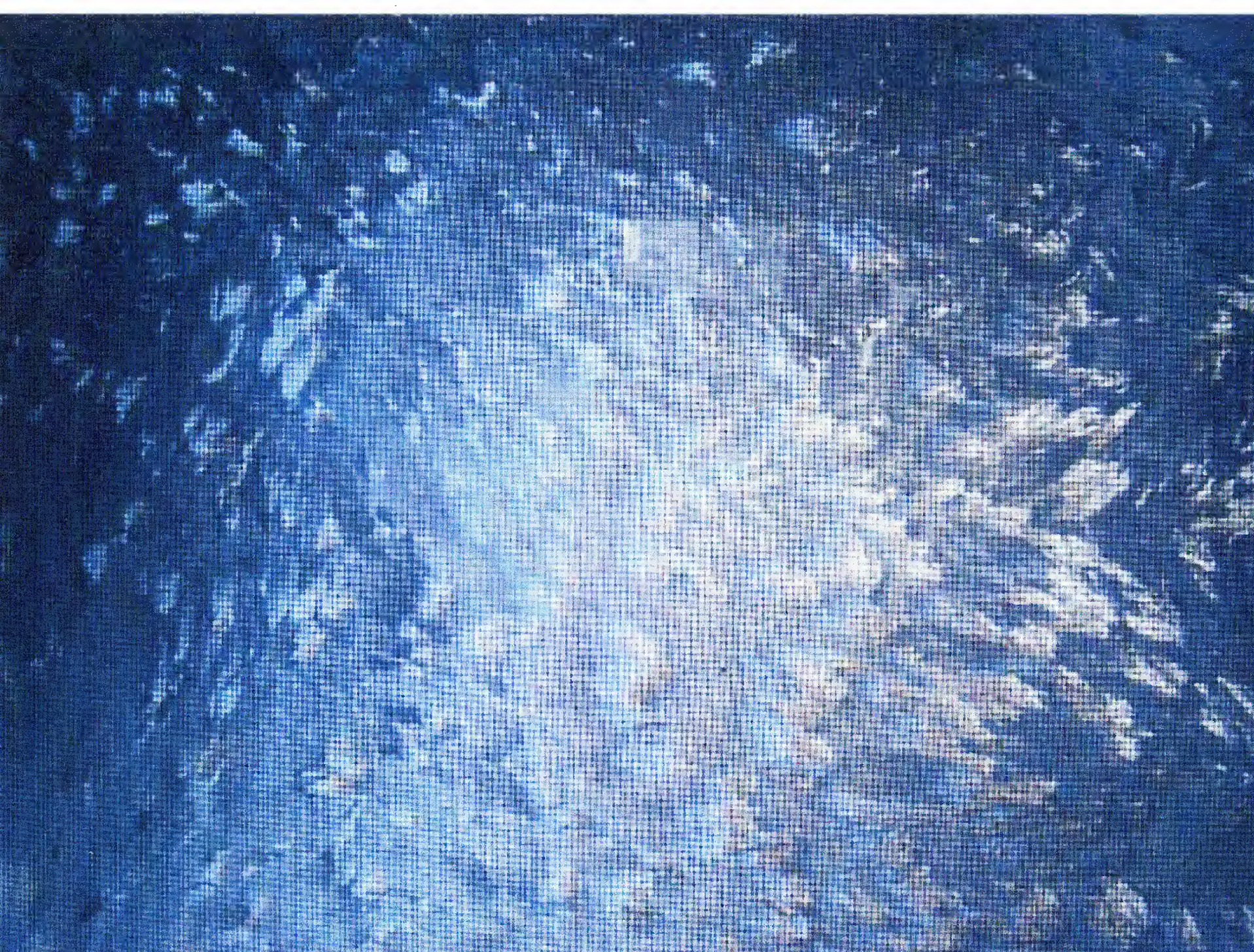


Find a pair of barbarians. For some reason they run about like madmen and shake at the trees. Rush from one trunk to another. Hang on and shake like in a trance. "We shake-eh de trees all de day. We shake-eh de trees and the watch falls. We take-eh de showeh from the leave watch. We be shake-eh de trees. We are de men who shake-eh de trees." He babbles on like a frenzied addict.

Years later Explorers push deep into the forest. Here, a remnant of civilizations past, manhole protruding from the water. Garbage floats by and hangs around like the sewer's the dealer. Back on that junk again. "Yo, I got that 7/11 cup. I *know* you ain't never had that 7/11 cup before. This some *upstream* shit. You know I got that Slurpee-slurp for you now."

Throwing himself at trees convulsing with a wrath borne deep within the human nature better disguised in men of taste but not absent. His meditative partner stays silent throughout the entire escapade. Then, as an Explorer stares wordless, he speaks,

"Yah man, it's just what we do."

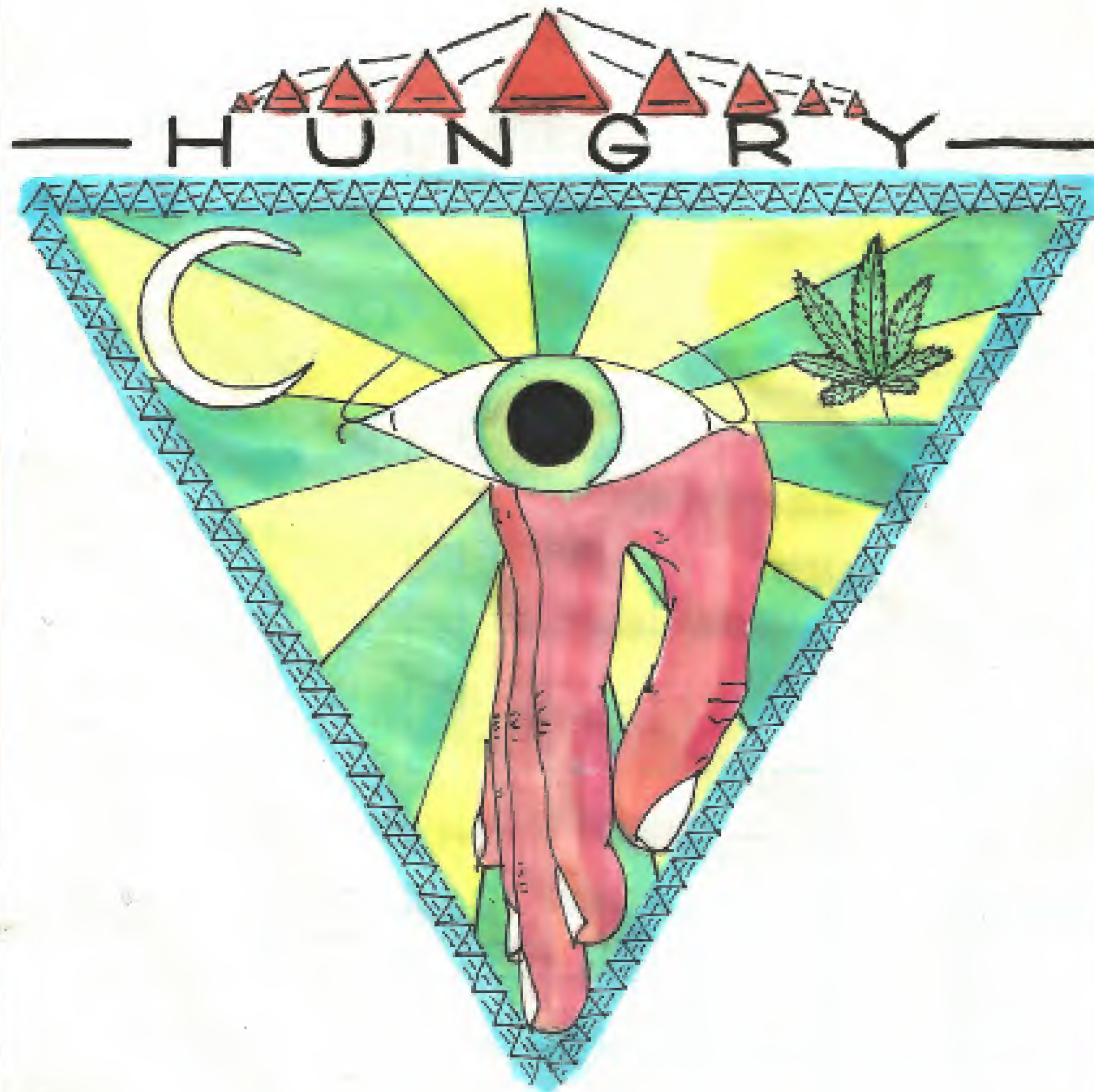


bobby corns

(bobbysteels.blogspot.com)



we come from the sun





Indeed a bitter angst I cry, but muffled to repression,

A futile, endless search for peace in infinite regression,

Back down, back down the mountainside's a nervous waiting station,

Where I sit upon the bench looking left to right in repetition,

"Ego, ergo, sum. Rena-vati-om."

Their feet so restless, a muddled mass of mutually assured gestations,

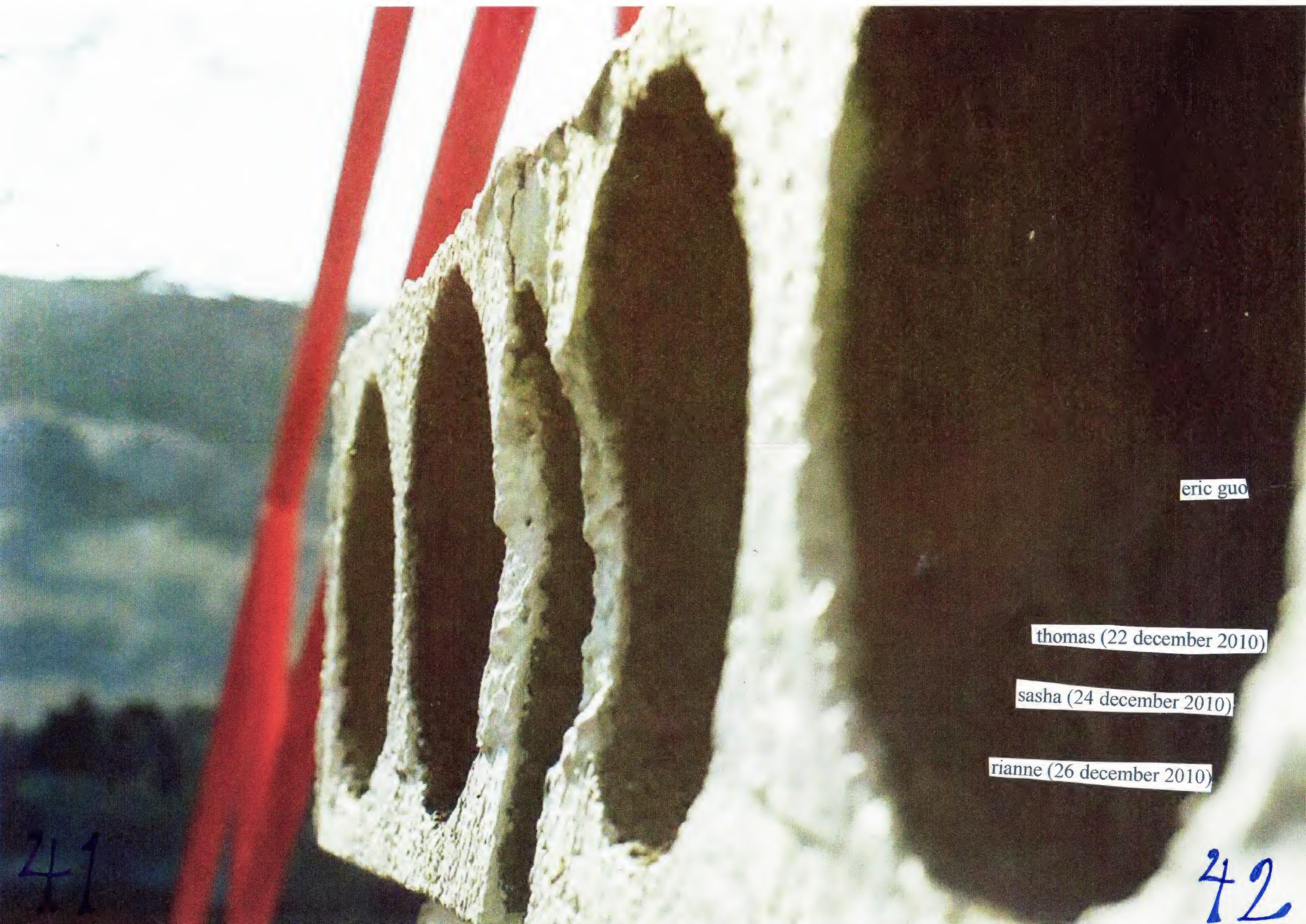
Each life a hollow genuflection from the time of confirmation,

Existing in a chaotically convoluted, albeit purpose-laden union,

I suffer none to look at me, but cringe in apprehension,

They pass without a glance askance, wrapped in their communion,

And looking down, I mutter words bereft of absolution.



eric guo

thomas (22 december 2010)

sasha (24 december 2010)

rianne (26 december 2010)



Thomas

Emilio Dec '10



Sasha

Emilio Dec '10



Riane

Emilia Dec '10



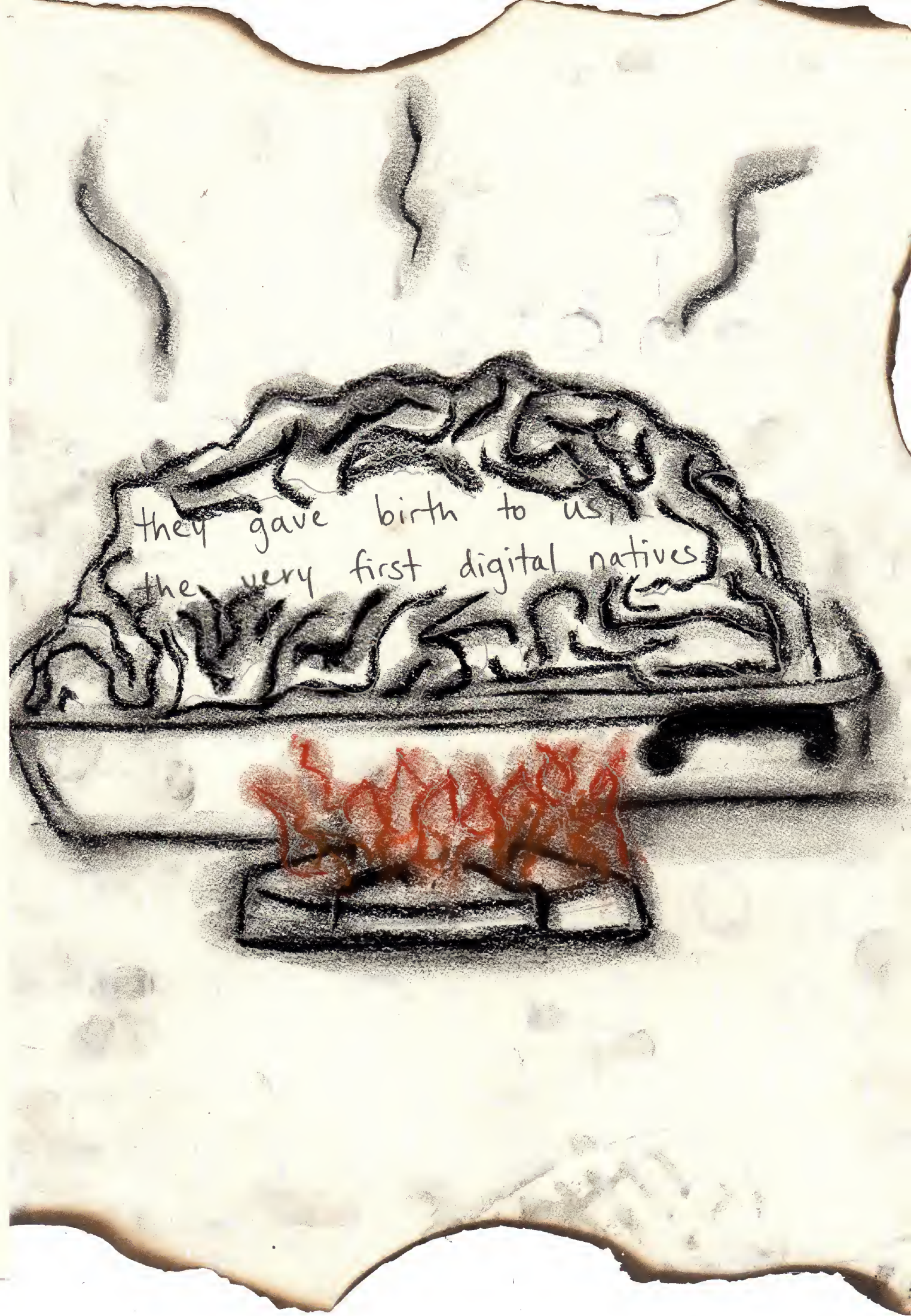
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"where we're from"

way out, issue 2.

(waxing gibbous in libra, june 2011)

1, 2, 5-12, 29-32, 43, 44

"manifesto."

illustrated by the artists of hyde park, chicago.

13-28

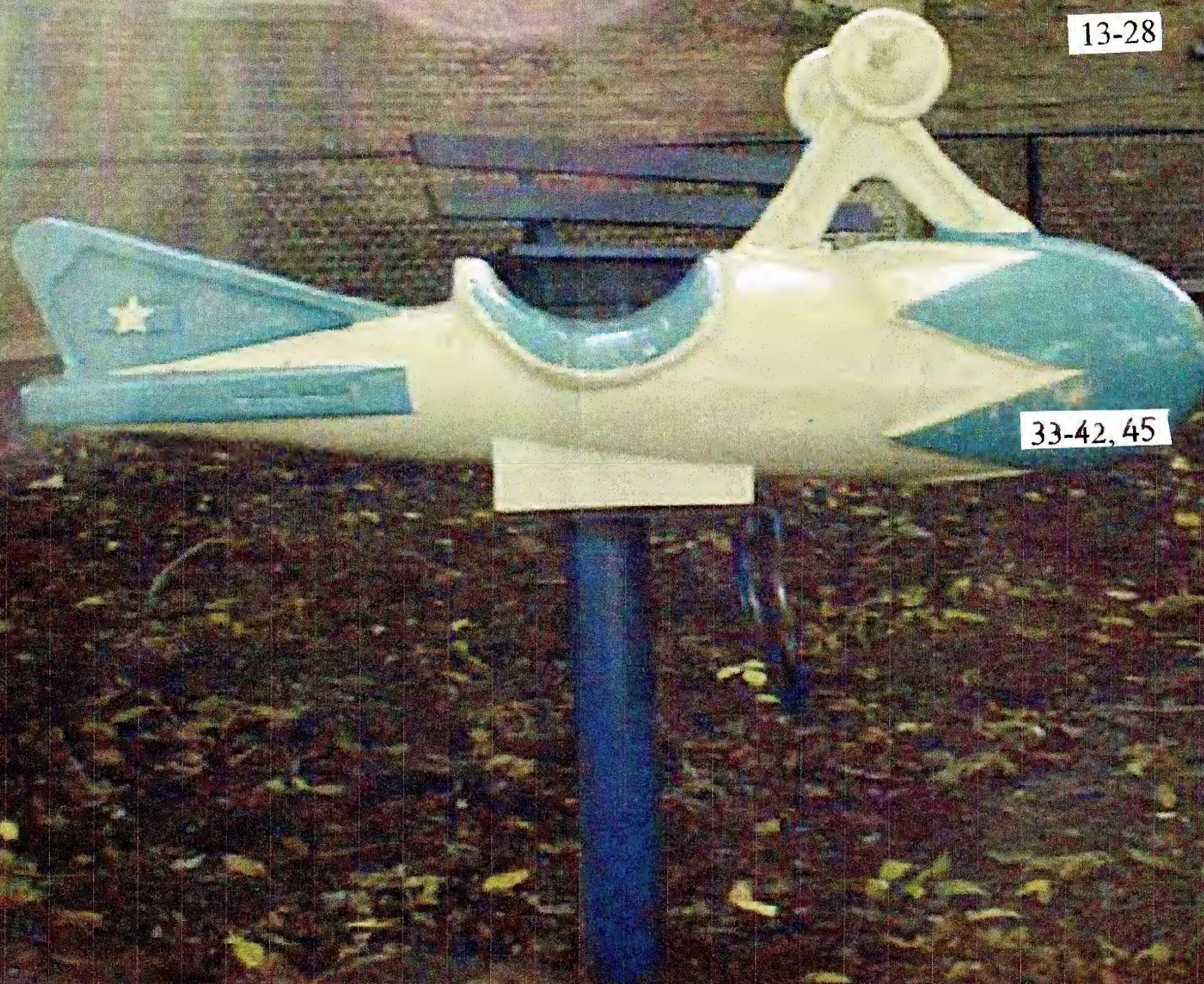
dan and dusty.

peter boucher

33-42, 45

street.

eric guo







we are the generation.

Section 2. The judicial Power shall extend to all Cases in Law and Equity arising under this Constitution, the Laws of the United States, and Treaties made, or which shall be made, under their Authority;—to all Cases affecting Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls;—to all Cases of Admiralty and maritime Jurisdiction;—to Controversies to which the United States shall be a Party;—to Controversies between two or more States;—between a State and Citizens of another State;—between Citizens of different States;—between Citizens of the same State claiming Lands under Grants of different States, and between a State, or the Citizens thereof, and foreign States, Citizens or Subjects.

In all Cases affecting Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls, and those in which a State shall be Party, the supreme Court shall have original Jurisdiction. In all the other Cases before mentioned, the supreme Court shall have appellate Jurisdiction, both as to Law and Fact, with such Exceptions, and under such Regulations as the Congress shall make.

The Trial of all Crimes, except in Cases of Impeachment, shall be by Jury; and such Trial shall be held in the State where the said Crimes shall have been committed; but when not committed in any State, the Trial shall be at such Place as the Congress may by Law have provided.

Section 3. Treason against the United States, shall consist only in levying War against them, or adhering to their Enemies, giving them Aid and Comfort. No Person shall be convicted of Treason unless on the Testimony of two Witnesses to the same overt Act, or on Confession in open Court. The Congress shall have Power to declare the Punishment of Treason, but no Attainder of Treason shall work Corruption of Blood, or Forfeiture except during the Life of the Person convicted.

directed, as the Constitution requires, to the custody of the United States in Congress assembled; that the Senators and Representatives should vote at the Time and Place assigned; that the States should appoint a President of the Senate, the sole Purpose of receiving, opening and putting the Votes for President; and, that after they shall be chosen, the Congress, together with the President, should, without Delay, proceed to this Constitution.

by the unanimous Order of the Convention

OF WASHINGTON—President



The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

the executive Departments, relating to the Duties of their Office, and he shall have Power to grant Pardon for Offenses against the United States, except in Cases of Impeachment. Power, by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate, to make Treaties, of the Class which shall be so ratified.

of obsession and apathy?

or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Section 2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed. But when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the Executive and judicial officers of a State, or the members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion, or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

Section 3. No person shall be a Senator or Representative in Congress, or elector of President and Vice President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath, as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof. But Congress may by a vote of two-thirds of each House, remove such disability.

Section 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States, authorized by law, including debts incurred for payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection or rebellion, shall not be questioned. But neither the United

the Authority of the United States, shall be supreme Law of the Land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, any Thing in the Constitution or Laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Senators and Representatives before mentioned, and the Members of the several State Legislatures, and all executive and judicial Officers, both of the United States and of the several States, shall swear by Oath or Affirmation, to support this Constitution; but no religious Test shall ever be required as a Qualification to any Office or public Trust under the United States.

Article. VII.

The Ratification of the Conventions of nine States, shall be sufficient for the Establishment of this Constitution between the States so ratifying the Same.

done in Convention by the Unanimous Consent of the States present the Seventeenth Day of September in the Year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and Eighty seven and of the Independence of the United States of America the fifth In Witness whereof We have hereunto subscribed our Names.

as passed by the Convention (1787)

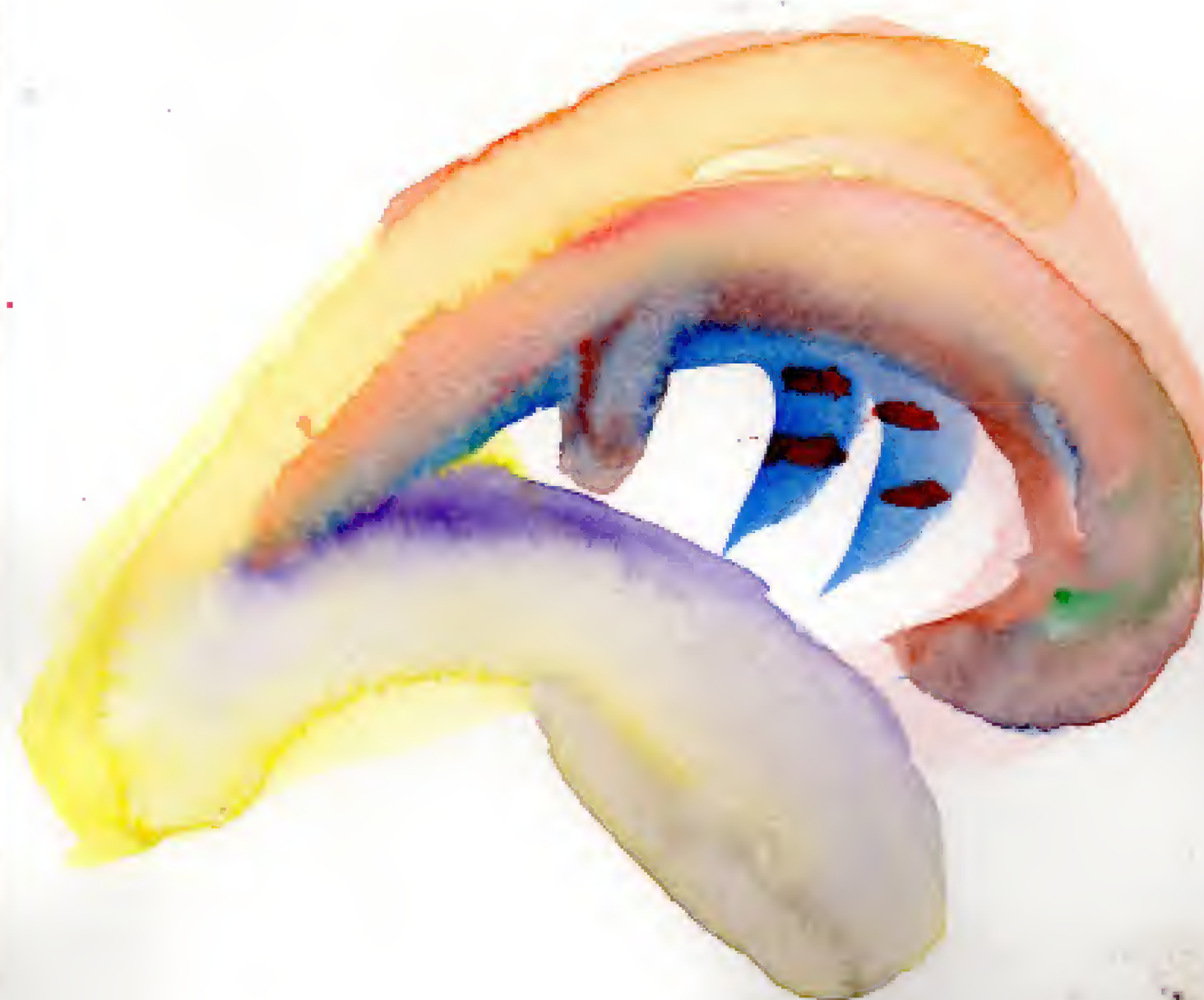
LA 145 Washington—Presid
and deputy from Virga

New Hampshire John Langdon
Nicholas Gilman
Massachusetts Nathaniel Gorham
Rufus King
Connecticut Wm. Saml. Johnson
Roger Sherman

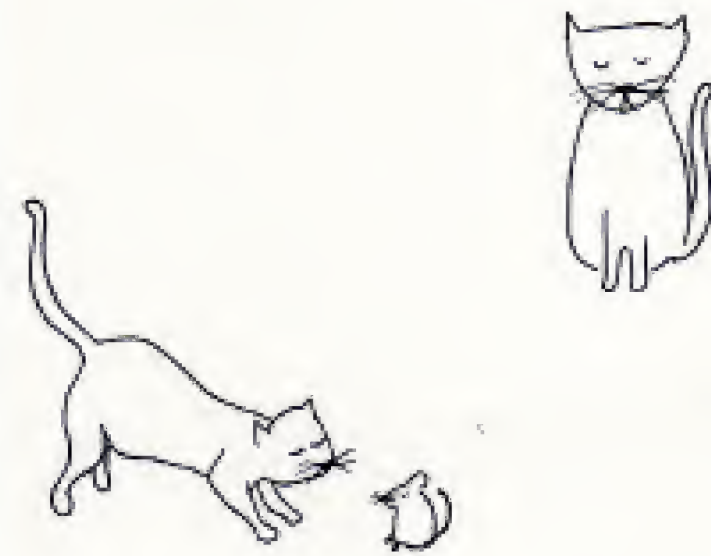
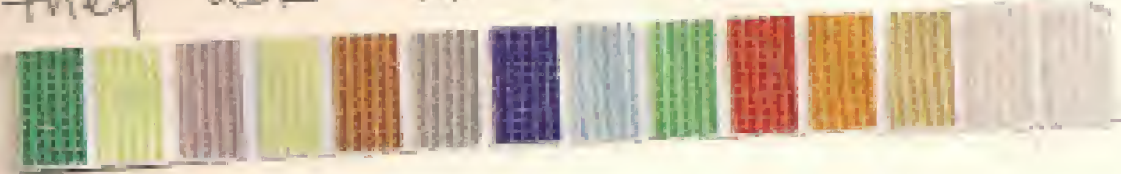
No person shall be held to answer for a Crime, or otherwise infamous crime, unless by a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, in cases arising in the land or sea, and in the Militia, when actually on the Service of the Law.

New York	Alexander Hamilton
New Jersey	Wm. Livingston David Brearley Wm. Paterson Jonas Dayton
Pennsylvania	B. Franklin Thomas Mifflin Robert Morris Geo. Clymer Thos. FitzSimons Jared Ingersoll James Wilson Gouv. Morris
Delaware	Geo. Read Gunning Bedford jun John Dickinson Richard Bassett Jaco Broom
Maryland	James McHenry Dan of St. Thos. Jenifer Daniel Carroll
Virginia	John Blair— James Madison Jr.
North Carolina	Wm. Blount Richd. Dobbs Spaight H. Williamson
South Carolina	J. Rutledge Charles Cotesworth Pinckney Charles Pinckney Pierce Butler
Georgia	William Few Abr. Baldwin

Attest William Jackson Secretary



they ask us to be ourselves,




while telling us what to be.





peter boucher

dan and dusty.




"Home again" Dan sighed to himself as he stared around the walls of his apartment. As he spoke his eyes settled on the map on the far wall above the fireplace, stuck with bright pins. On the walls surrounding him, postcards and national geographic snapshots of bustling cities, foreign and crowded. As he loosened his tie, Dan stepped to get a closer look at the world on his wall. He fumbled in a basket on the mantle, searching through old keys, suit buttons, blindly feeling for the pin prick. After a few seconds of rustling, he found the exact point he was looking for! Gripping the plastic handle, he raised his elbow and crossed a continent to thrust the pin into the map and wedge apart the cork beneath it. That was his favorite part. There he was, hundreds of plastic pins. Hundreds of me complete with their own little shadows. Pretty good! he thought as he loosened his belt buckle in his hands.

There was a family in one of the pictures on the wall over his bed that he saw as he turned away from the map to loosen his collar and strip off his dress shirt. He folded his shirt and black pants on his desk and went to the bathroom for a comb and a shave. As he stared in the mirror, the map's reflection outlined his head, as it did after every shave after every trip. Dan washed his face, brushed his teeth, took his vitamins, and stretched before bed.

Dan stared straight into the ceiling with a piercing gaze, alone in his sheets in the darkness.

"I wish I could see the stars," he drifted off.



"How's the family, Dan?"

Dan shifted a little with the weight of traffic as the black car pulled him around the turn onto M street.

"Oh great, I'm sure. Got down to the beach yesterday. said it was sunny and warm."

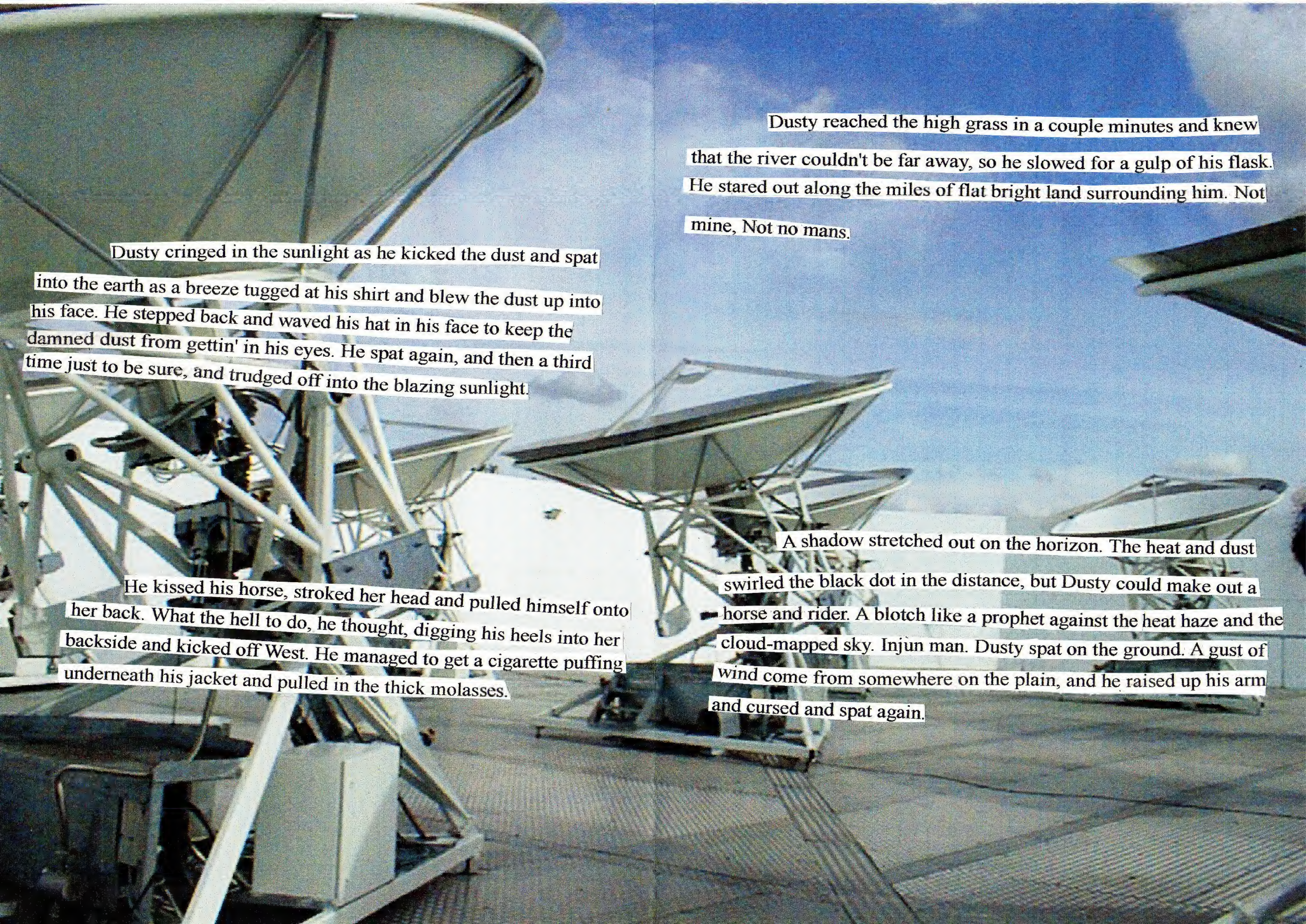
"Sure could use that here"

Dan smiled at his assistant. Jean wore a tight, yet modest white and grey suit that matched his own quite well. Jean was adjusting her lipstick in the metallic dark of the windowpane. Dan heard the artificial click of her lipstick case and caught the reflection of her lips in his own window. Jean wore a blue and silver shawl that he actually quite liked, and that was a new one.

Dan shuffled the papers on his lap. He began to read through the day's bulletins, mostly car bombs and round table discussions. Someone important had drowned. Also, the UN was meeting today again, but Dan would not attend this year. He had had to decline the gold trimmed invitation. Dan sighed. Such was life. He smiled at the driver as he lifted himself out of the car.

He had dreamed about his wife last night. They waited in the beach sand, naked and entangled together, eyes on each other with the rush of the wind and waves encircling them. She and him must have been both younger, it felt that way. She smiled and looked out onto the waves, then got up and beckoned him to come look beyond the waves but all he could see was fog, but she asked him again and again and he couldn't. She took his hand and he followed into the waves. They waded in the surf and the further they stepped the more she disappeared, like sand in the surf. They kissed and huddled together, and lay together in the surf. He felt himself disintegrating too, flowing into the sand and surf and her. "I wish you'd had seen" she whispered, "but it's OK." He was gone.

Dan coughed and stretched his back briefly, picked up his briefcase and marched on forward, Jean and another assistant in his wake. Up and through the concrete block, past security with a nod, to the metal elevator box that would bring him to his floor. Dan held his breath. He hated elevators, hated the pull upwards, the emptiness that the metal thread yanks you through. The moment of weightlessness when it pulls you out of the ground. Can't believe we trust these things, he thought.



Dusty reached the high grass in a couple minutes and knew that the river couldn't be far away, so he slowed for a gulp of his flask. He stared out along the miles of flat bright land surrounding him. Not mine, Not no mans.

Dusty cringed in the sunlight as he kicked the dust and spat into the earth as a breeze tugged at his shirt and blew the dust up into his face. He stepped back and waved his hat in his face to keep the damned dust from gettin' in his eyes. He spat again, and then a third time just to be sure, and trudged off into the blazing sunlight.

He kissed his horse, stroked her head and pulled himself onto her back. What the hell to do, he thought, digging his heels into her backside and kicked off West. He managed to get a cigarette puffing underneath his jacket and pulled in the thick molasses.

A shadow stretched out on the horizon. The heat and dust swirled the black dot in the distance, but Dusty could make out a horse and rider. A blotch like a prophet against the heat haze and the cloud-mapped sky. Injun man. Dusty spat on the ground. A gust of wind come from somewhere on the plain, and he raised up his arm and cursed and spat again.

Dan arrived in an empty lobby, through the automatic doors in a tired daze. The fireplace to the right of the room projected the flickering shadow of his suit and briefcase onto the marble floor. He coughed, stretched, and marched up to the ornate desk to conduct business.

"Do you have a pool?" he asked, roomkey in hand.

"Of course, sir. The waterslide, however, has been closed indefinitely. I apologize for the inconvenience."

"Oh dear!" Dan smiled and turned to Jean beside him, who returned an exhausted, almost sad, grin.

"Yes, there was an accident earlier this evening, please do not be alarmed, however, we are handling the situation with care. Please let me show you to your rooms. You must be very tired."

"That's alright, thank you. I've actually been here before, had the same room too."

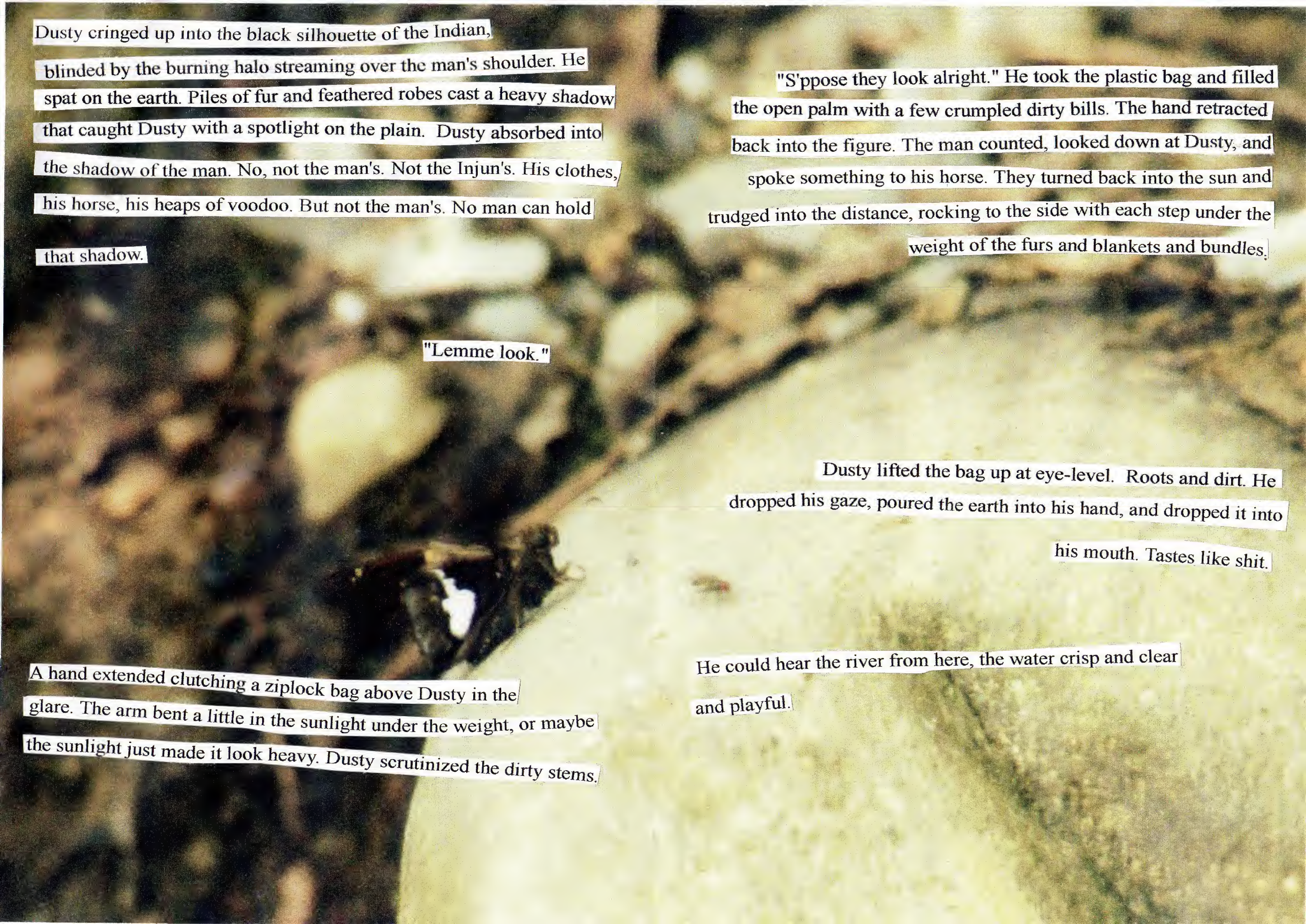
"As you wish, sir."

Dan and Jean said goodnight in the elevator. The metal doors closed her out, and Dan felt the tug of the floor, the ground pulling him up. Dan stumbled out of the metal box into the hallway. He shook himself to flail off the daze of exhaustion and yawned for his bed at home.

He dropped his briefcase on the bed and stared out the window while loosening his tie and unbuttoning his shirt. It was so dark. He couldn't make out square towers and official buildings in the distance. Just a blur of color. It was still beautiful. Everywhere is beautiful. Rotating back to the room, he teetered and lost his weight for a second.

He tossed his shirt on the bed and followed it face first into the covers. He heard the steam release from an old radiator in the corner. God, I haven't been this exhausted for months, so tired. Exhausted. His eyes closed upon images of Molly again at the beach, sand gripped in his hands and his toes. The waves rumbling in the static of the surf. static static

Cold. His room, his walls, his map above the fireplace. Frantically searching for a pinprick- he felt it! But my hands huge and so clumsy and the darkness seeping into the frame. Damp edges curling and darkening and the colors bleeding. He reached up for his map and his spot to prick, and his vision nodded, his balance teetering in some great current. One more, he thought, one more



Dusty cringed up into the black silhouette of the Indian, blinded by the burning halo streaming over the man's shoulder. He spat on the earth. Piles of fur and feathered robes cast a heavy shadow that caught Dusty with a spotlight on the plain. Dusty absorbed into the shadow of the man. No, not the man's. Not the Injun's. His clothes, his horse, his heaps of voodoo. But not the man's. No man can hold that shadow.

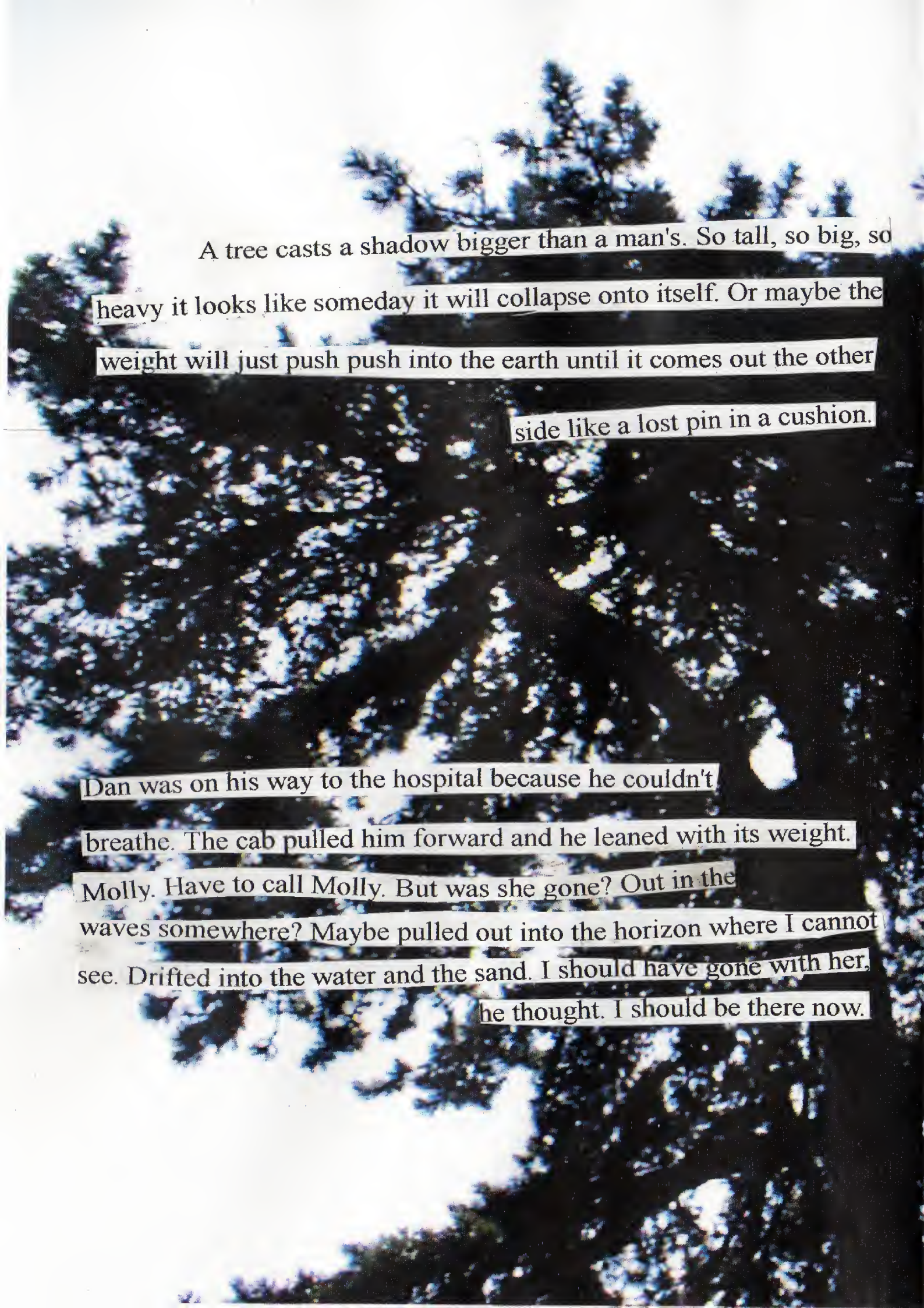
"Lemme look."

A hand extended clutching a ziplock bag above Dusty in the glare. The arm bent a little in the sunlight under the weight, or maybe the sunlight just made it look heavy. Dusty scrutinized the dirty stems.

"S'ppose they look alright." He took the plastic bag and filled the open palm with a few crumpled dirty bills. The hand retracted back into the figure. The man counted, looked down at Dusty, and spoke something to his horse. They turned back into the sun and trudged into the distance, rocking to the side with each step under the weight of the furs and blankets and bundles.

Dusty lifted the bag up at eye-level. Roots and dirt. He dropped his gaze, poured the earth into his hand, and dropped it into his mouth. Tastes like shit.

He could hear the river from here, the water crisp and clear and playful.



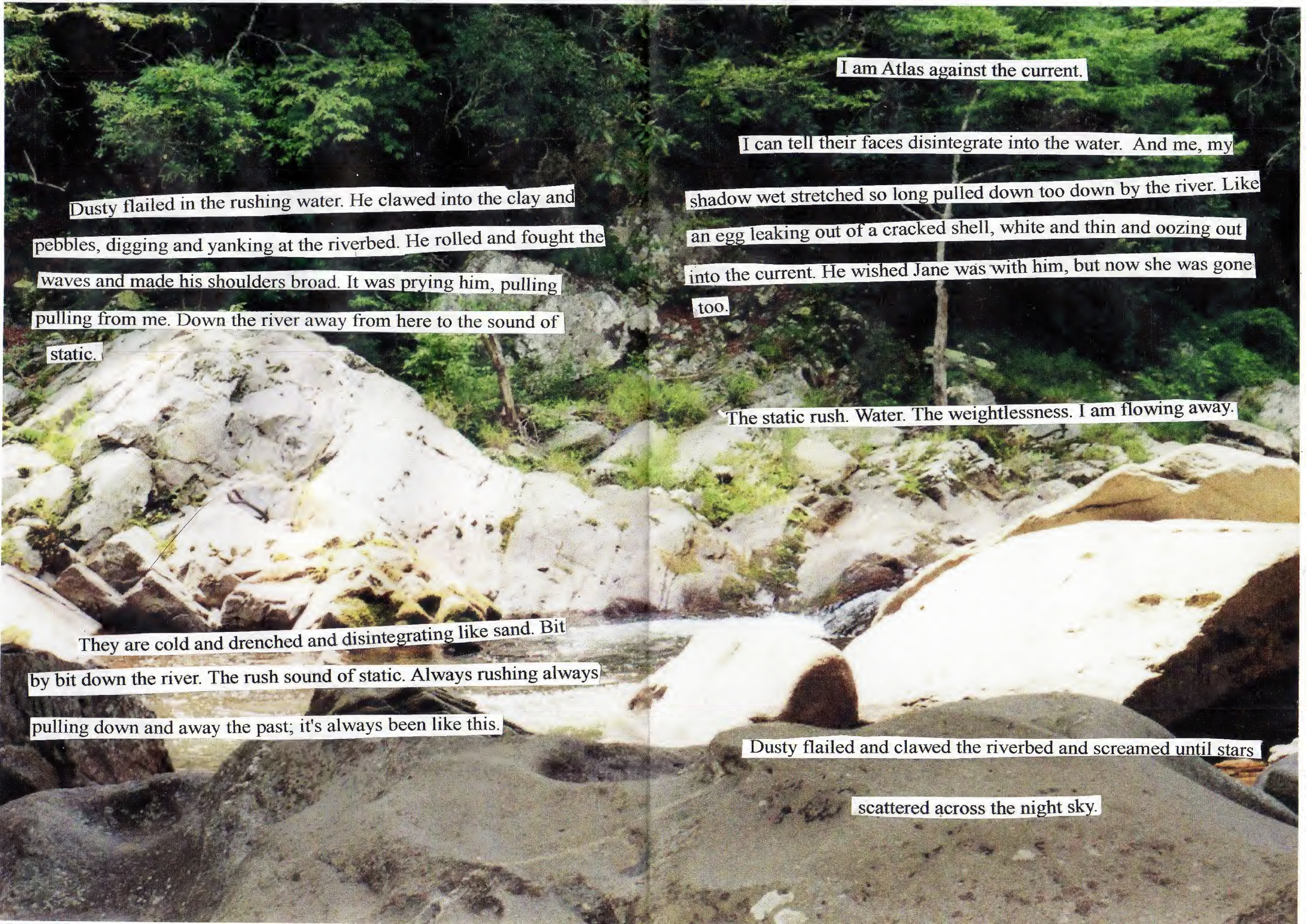
A tree casts a shadow bigger than a man's. So tall, so big, so heavy it looks like someday it will collapse onto itself. Or maybe the weight will just push push into the earth until it comes out the other side like a lost pin in a cushion.

Dan was on his way to the hospital because he couldn't breathe. The cab pulled him forward and he leaned with its weight. Molly. Have to call Molly. But was she gone? Out in the waves somewhere? Maybe pulled out into the horizon where I cannot see. Drifted into the water and the sand. I should have gone with her, he thought. I should be there now.

Heavy heavy breathing, it's not me though it's the air. The weight of the air is so much more here, like its compressed. Am I underwater? That wouldn't explain it would it. Why everything is so much heavier. Underwater it would be lighter, I would be lighter. I don't want to be light without her.

This wasn't water. It's too dry. This is new. It pulls the moisture out of my lungs. It crumbles me from the inside out. I feel like chalk. I miss them I miss her. I love you. She knows, and that's what's important. That's what's important.

Dan checked himself into the emergency room. He asked for a seat but they brought him a bed on wheels. Pulled along again he thought about the beach. The sand and the water that his mom had whispered about whenever he couldn't sleep. He was there with Molly now. Alone and together. The breeze was warm and the moon glowed and the surf crushed again and again and again. Molly was so beautiful in the sand.



I am Atlas against the current.

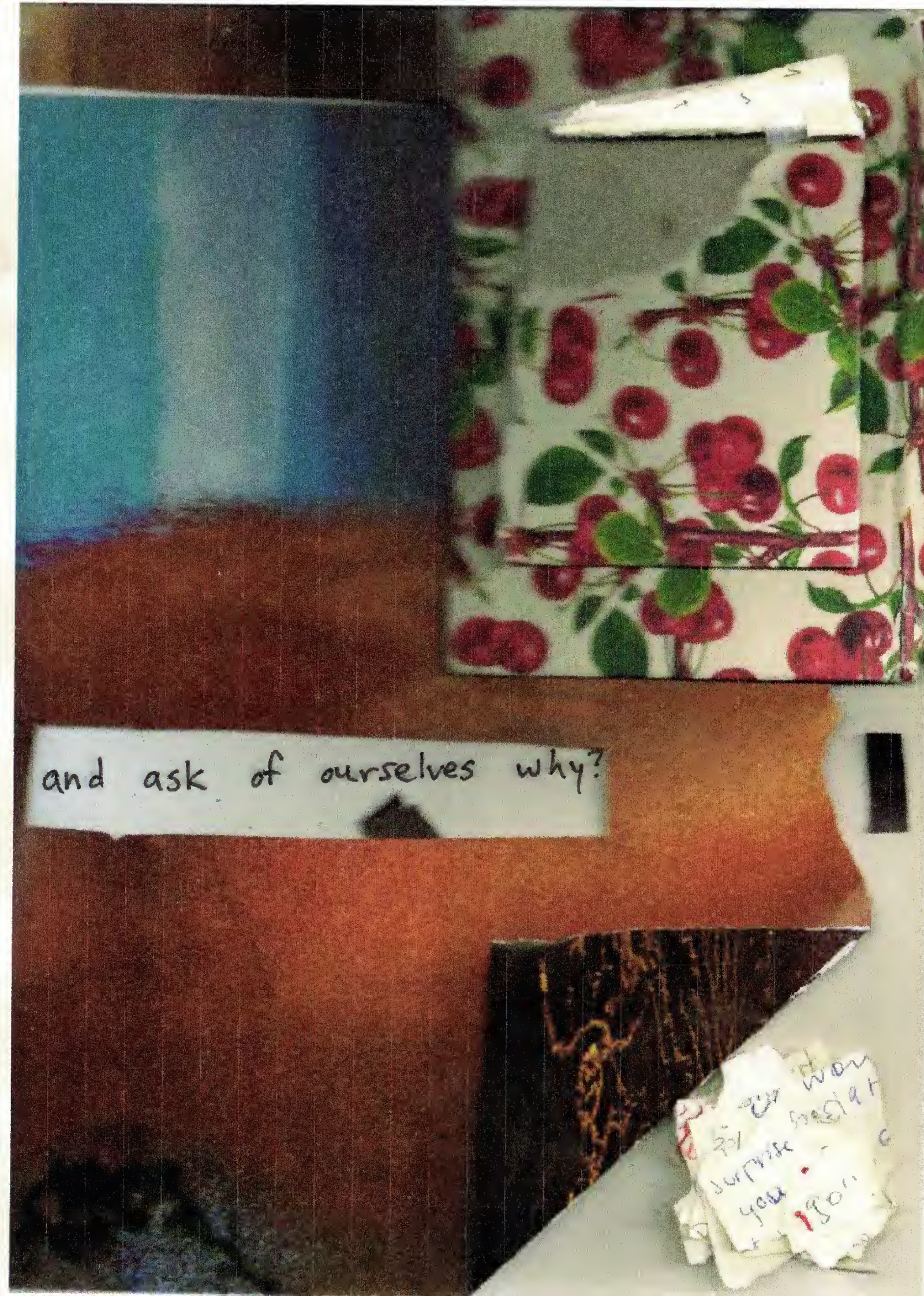
I can tell their faces disintegrate into the water. And me, my shadow wet stretched so long pulled down too down by the river. Like an egg leaking out of a cracked shell, white and thin and oozing out into the current. He wished Jane was with him, but now she was gone too.

The static rush. Water. The weightlessness. I am flowing away.

Dusty flailed in the rushing water. He clawed into the clay and pebbles, digging and yanking at the riverbed. He rolled and fought the waves and made his shoulders broad. It was prying him, pulling pulling from me. Down the river away from here to the sound of static.

They are cold and drenched and disintegrating like sand. Bit by bit down the river. The rush sound of static. Always rushing always pulling down and away the past; it's always been like this.

Dusty flailed and clawed the riverbed and screamed until stars scattered across the night sky.





but why,

in the end,

Going to a start of MAN, sometime, where you begin
Micro scales, more Death than Chutani
Shoot the Tankers! Fight hand-to-hand
Stand Tall, save Egghead, from that Band
one through? Not Damn, oh no, failed plan
2 free to 1, so again a Gossend
Each day I pause - word up that I'm MAN
Blessed is woman - who bears the child and
after turning hours' sand, thrill to see the seam
get's sore, but Life's War, it's the kind of Command
Tougher than fuckers who faced Afghanistan
RED - end fear creepin' round then,
Globe mobilised as Charlie Wilson stepped in
Strugglers kept Soviets on their knees when
Cute I.R.A. popped singer-toten in Lanes
Why who gave what to whom, is hidden
Spin'n' din, cuz blessings' origin is Sin
3 months later, you're born Kikiki but then?
The Process of War just starts up again.

Had to be there to make a deposit
and if that's gone, won't hear stop it
RECREATE the moment of where we started
2 minutes later, Oh? Ahh SHIT!!
Preoccupation with objects, makes sex so things
Domination Subjects - no Justice OBJECT
were you expectation-Progress? Pray God Bless
JUST CONFESS
When man fails, woman break ceiling &
if man strong, protect Glen, so how that's dealt
So many ditch the plan, now that's relived state
heart feelings not appealing, the few left not
Common and breathing leaves the bread
if you don't open eyes, in shit you will taste
No father, what archetype instead
Follow Brothers on the street, trade seed
Stupid. Put to bed, full of hot lead
Marks where you bleed, dripped - dread in
Nobody profits when nothing is dead
too much Killing of our own. nuff sa

we were never given a chance.

We were never given a chance
choice in life is happenstance
BUT: MaPa's gambler slow danced
so you are Product of Luck (Romance)
MaPa's blessed you with strong stance
but lies empower signaphants
nothing gets done when caught on the fence
make informed decisions, thus make sense
Mister, pay attention, in this instance
listen real good or finished - past ten

We were never given a chance
choice in life, circumstance
SO MaPa's gambler slow danced
You are Product of Luck (Romance)
MaPa's blessed you with balanced
fall down if you coast entranced
nothing gets done when caught on the fence
make informed decisions, thus. Sense
Mister please, pay attention, this instance
listen real good or finished - past ten

Life's a fierce course, get put through paces / mass (acceleration) is force, Love (force) is ACE
Love without remorse, Love (force) moves places / no love no touch stay lost in mazes
My flame is on porch, light spills for blazes / Right - RULE Left - Law to Smiley faces
never speak in riddles, love feeds entrenched spaces / force is devastation, bomb to build ratio
Diplomatic ties and condemnations / no **PURPLE** relation, **RED/BLUE** frustration
Political rhetoric, spelled consternation / for change we wait anticipation
Anxiety pills to chill, speed for concentration / Life's trouble is aberration, world is Mr. Communication
Courtesy + Etiquette for saken / no castigation we're all mistaken
Home of the free is really home of the fakin
Pigs-getting-paid-being-fed-fat-bacon
Wanna save yourself, Wilbur? In Charlotte's Web you can see
Being Happy is giving Love, give BIG + be free

by: Mandeep
BEDI



eric guo /

street.

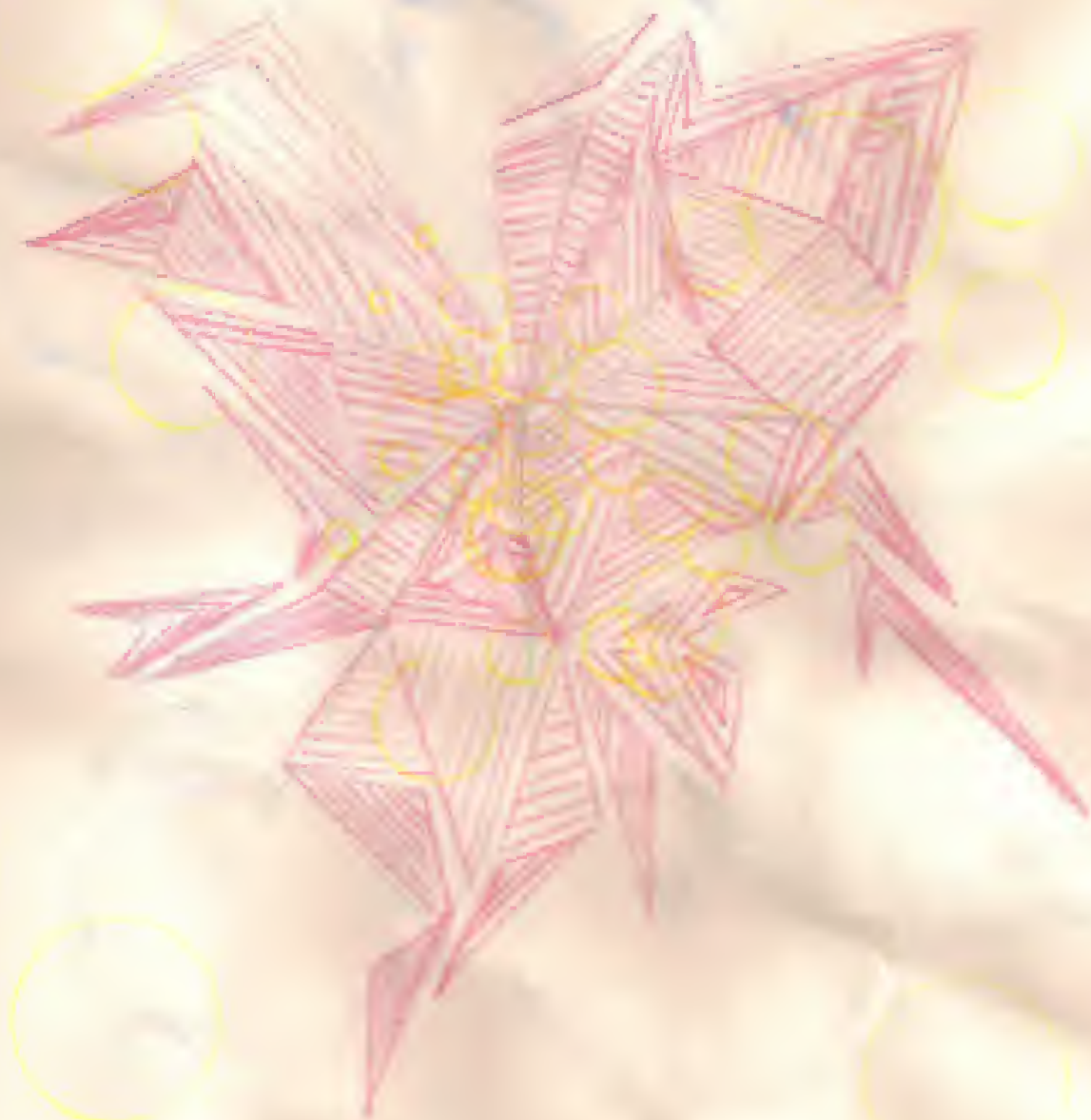




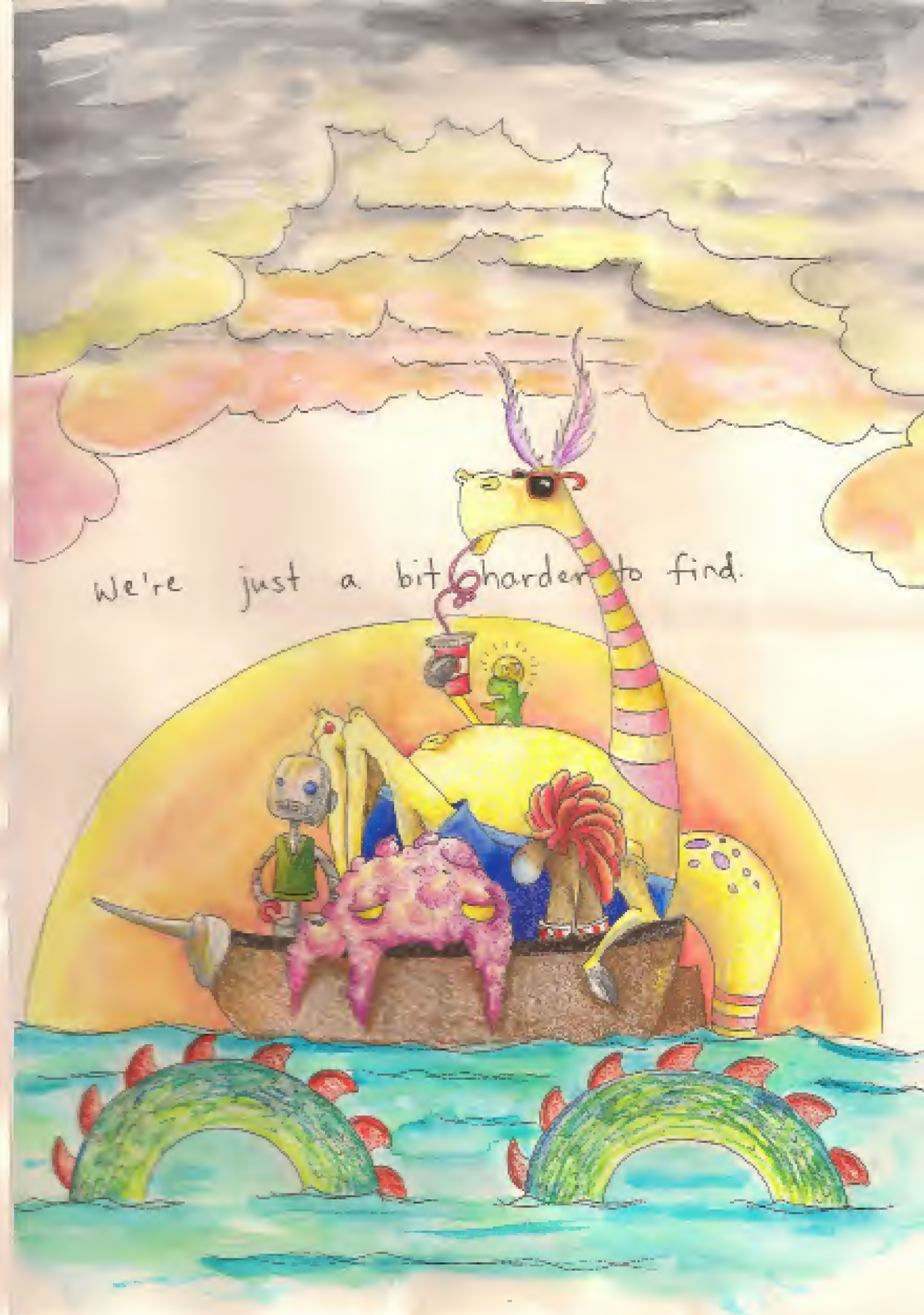




if this speaks to you,



know that there are others like you.



We're just a bit harder to find.



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WAY OUT

DISCOVER INNER SPACE



Way
7no



way out, issue three.

(lunar new year, 2012)



featuring

bobby corns

jenn dalton

peter boucher

ELEVATION 12,000 FEET
2.3 MILES
ABOVE SEA LEVEL

bobby corns



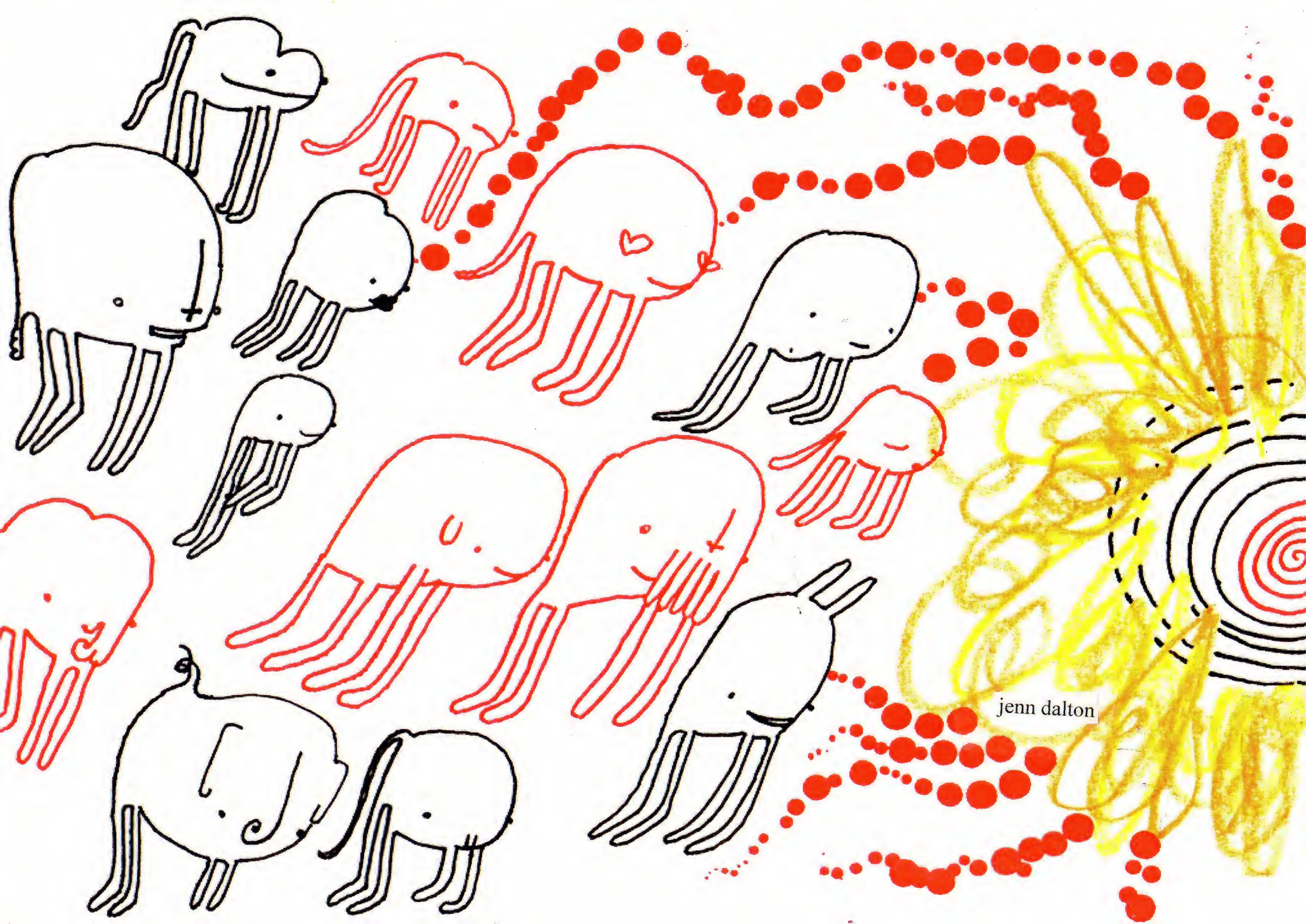




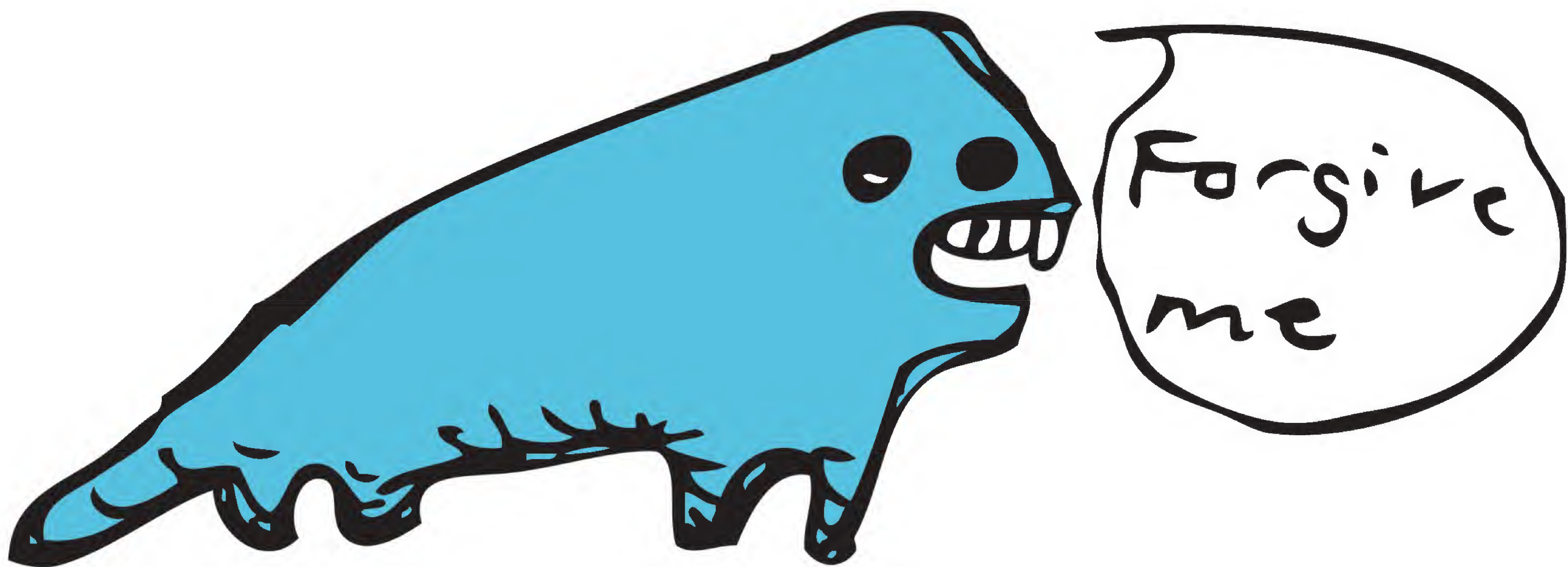


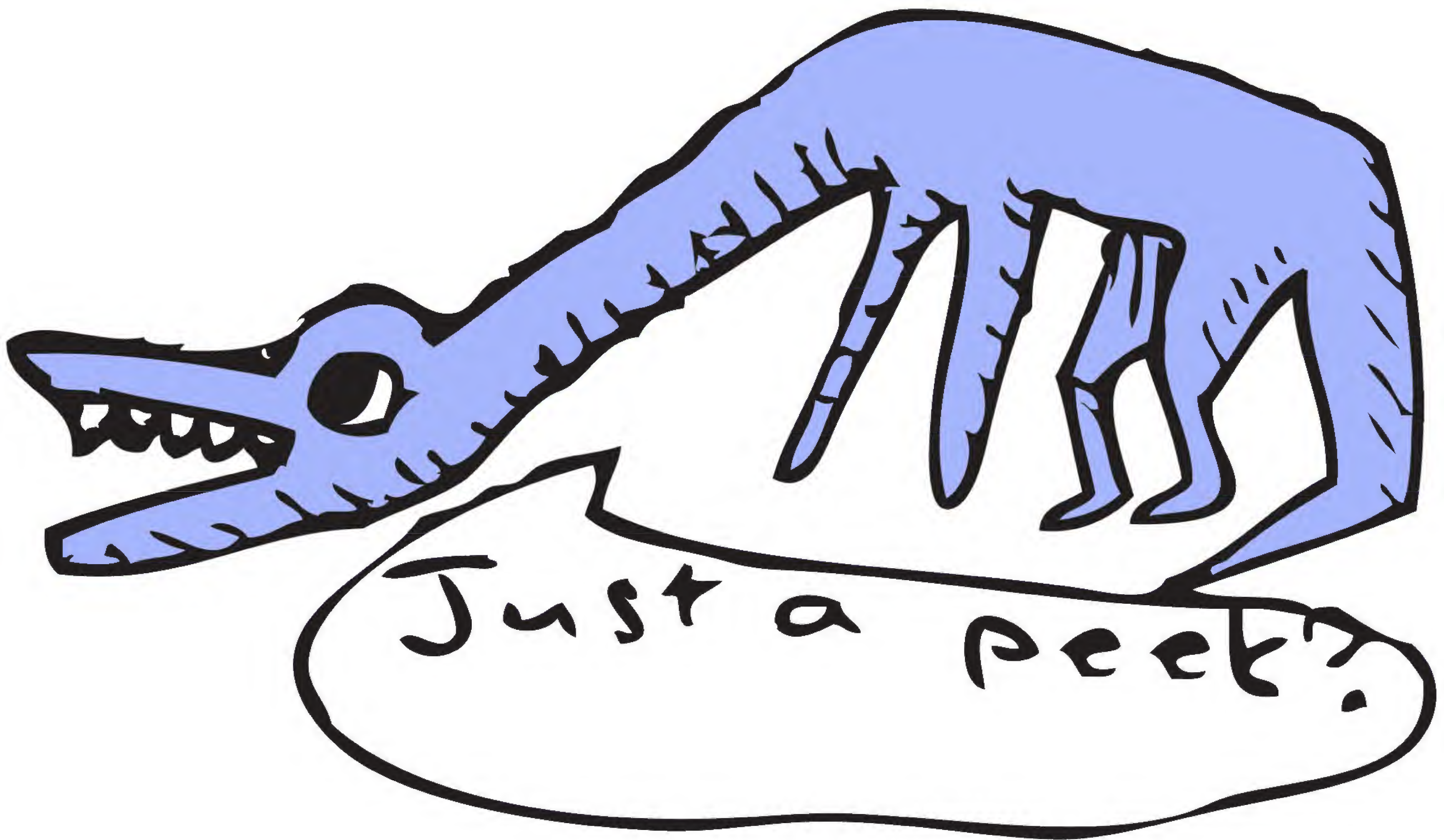






jenn dalton

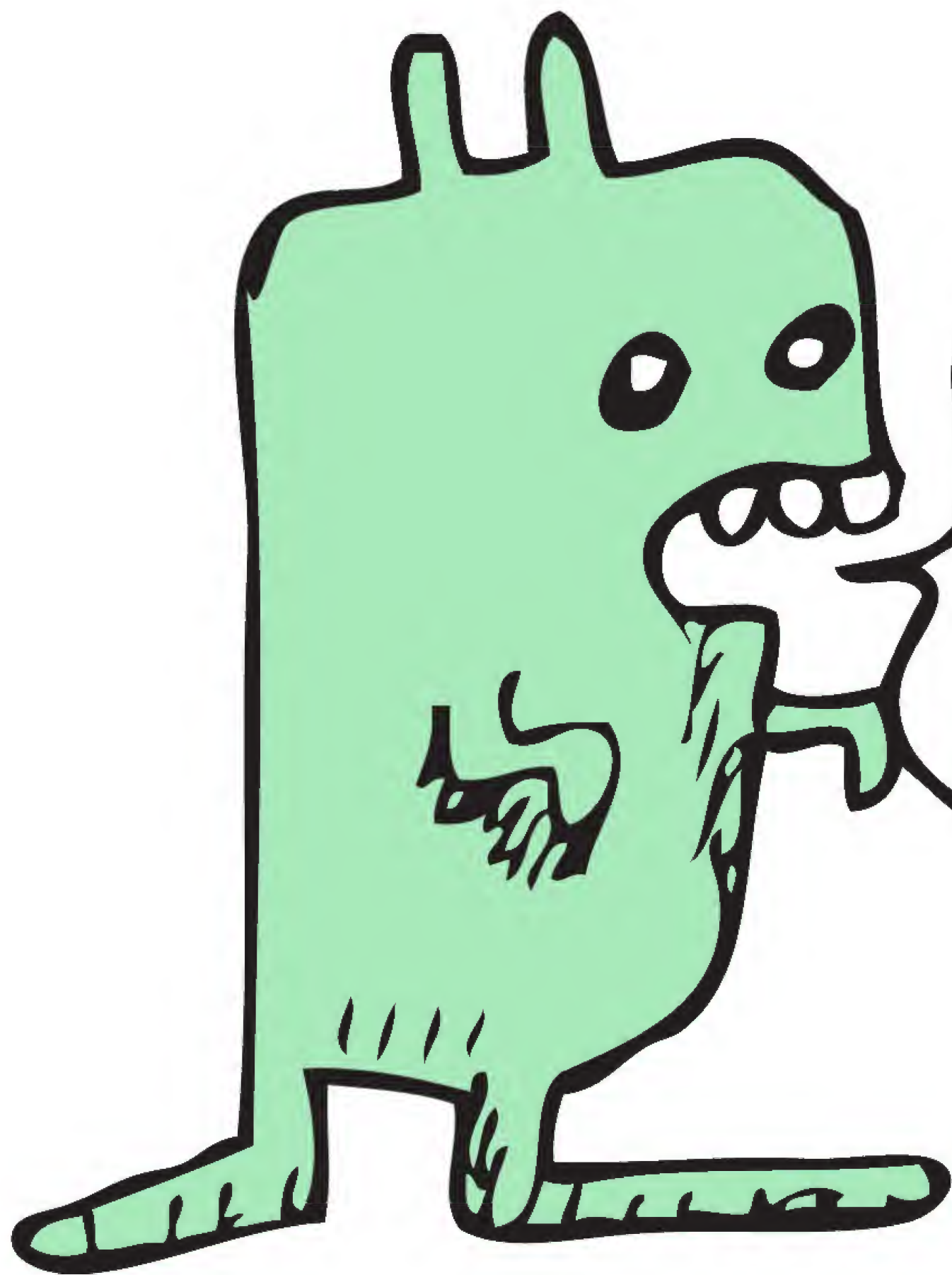




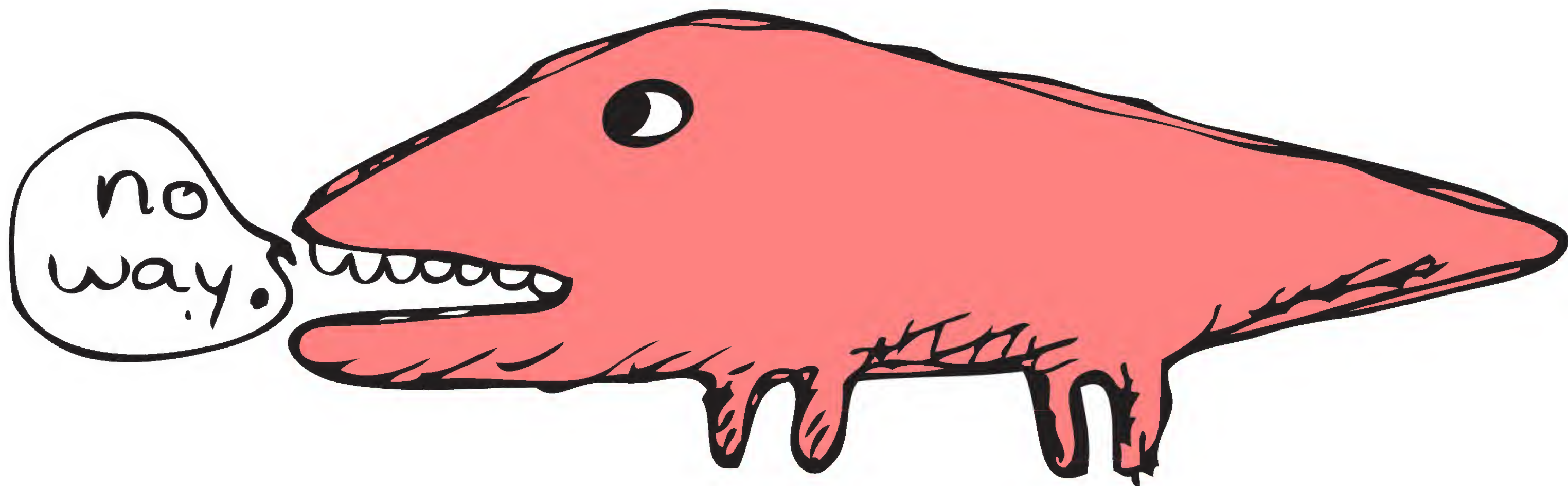
Just a peck?

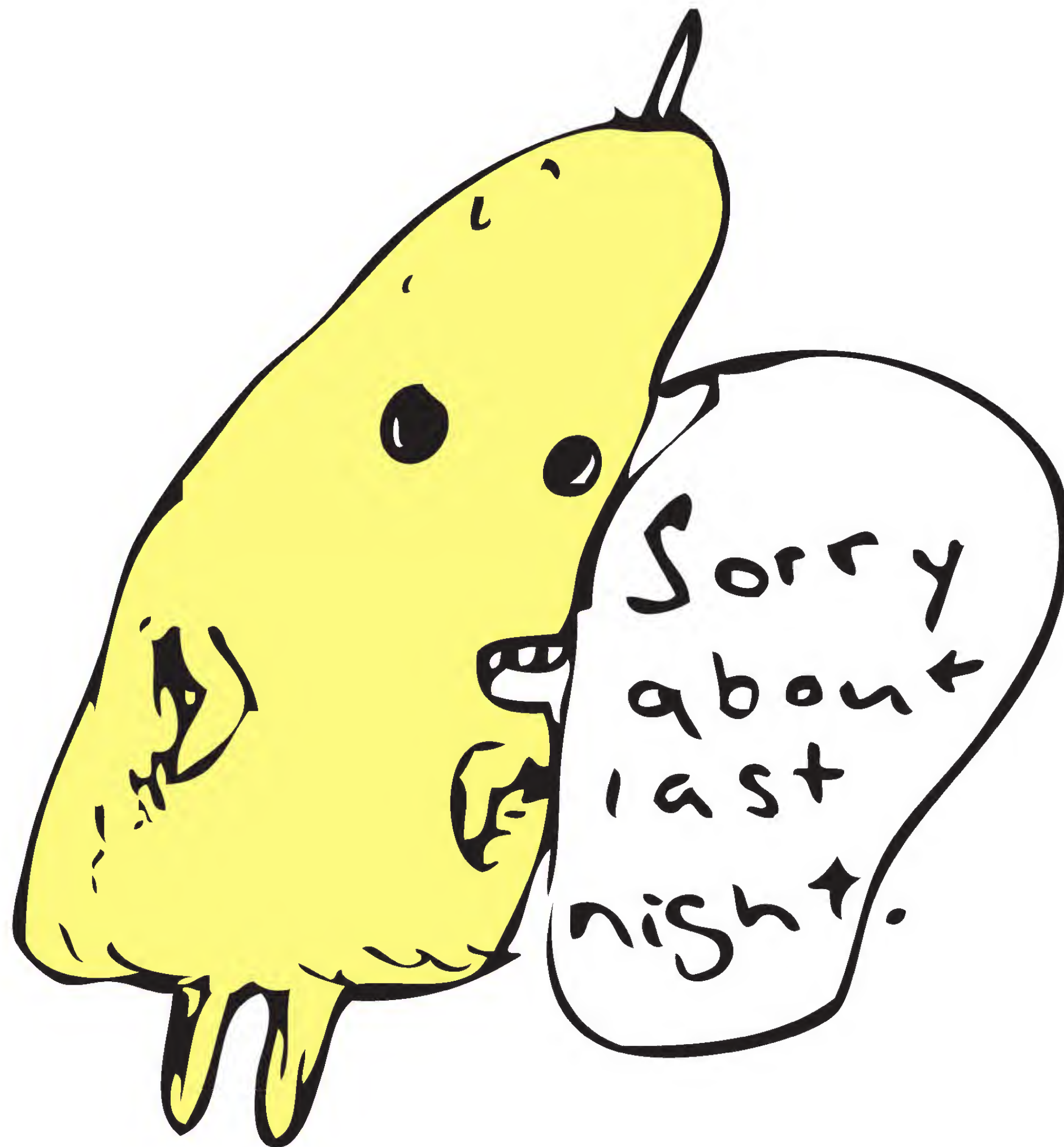


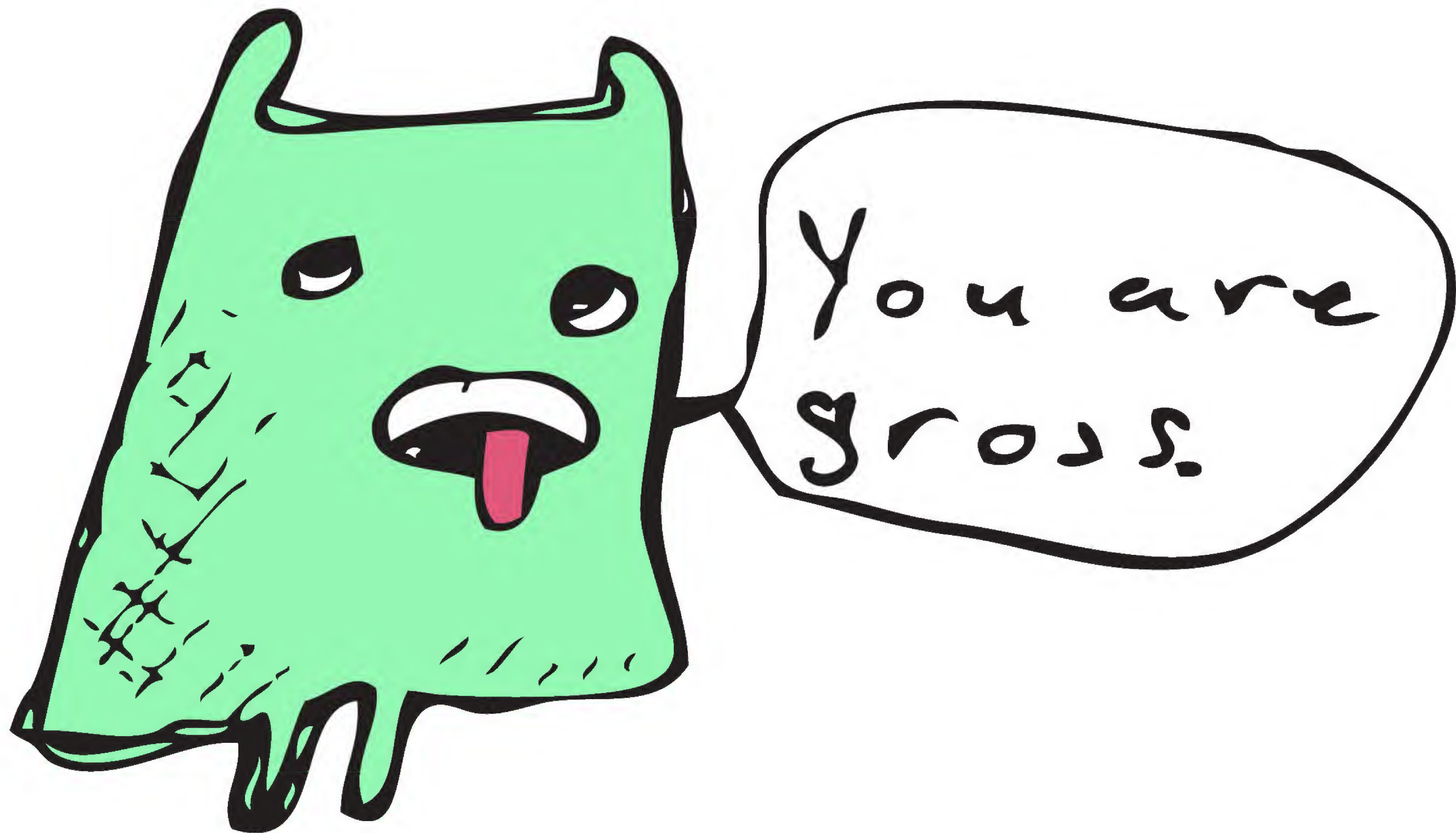
my friends
call me
ugly



next time
we use
your place.







You are
gross.



peter boucher

dc style

Let's talk about the Style, born underneath

the white walls of this country. A call back

to the fried ancestry underneath the warm
sugar glaze. Uttered in a stoner anthem,

whispered and coughed in the public parks,
the dark gazebos, the transit tunnels, the

open vacant fields, the other people's

rooftops, the friend's basements, the friend's

parent's garages, the neighbors' children's

swing-sets. By the creeks, floorboards and

liquids, in the parents' BMWs (plural),

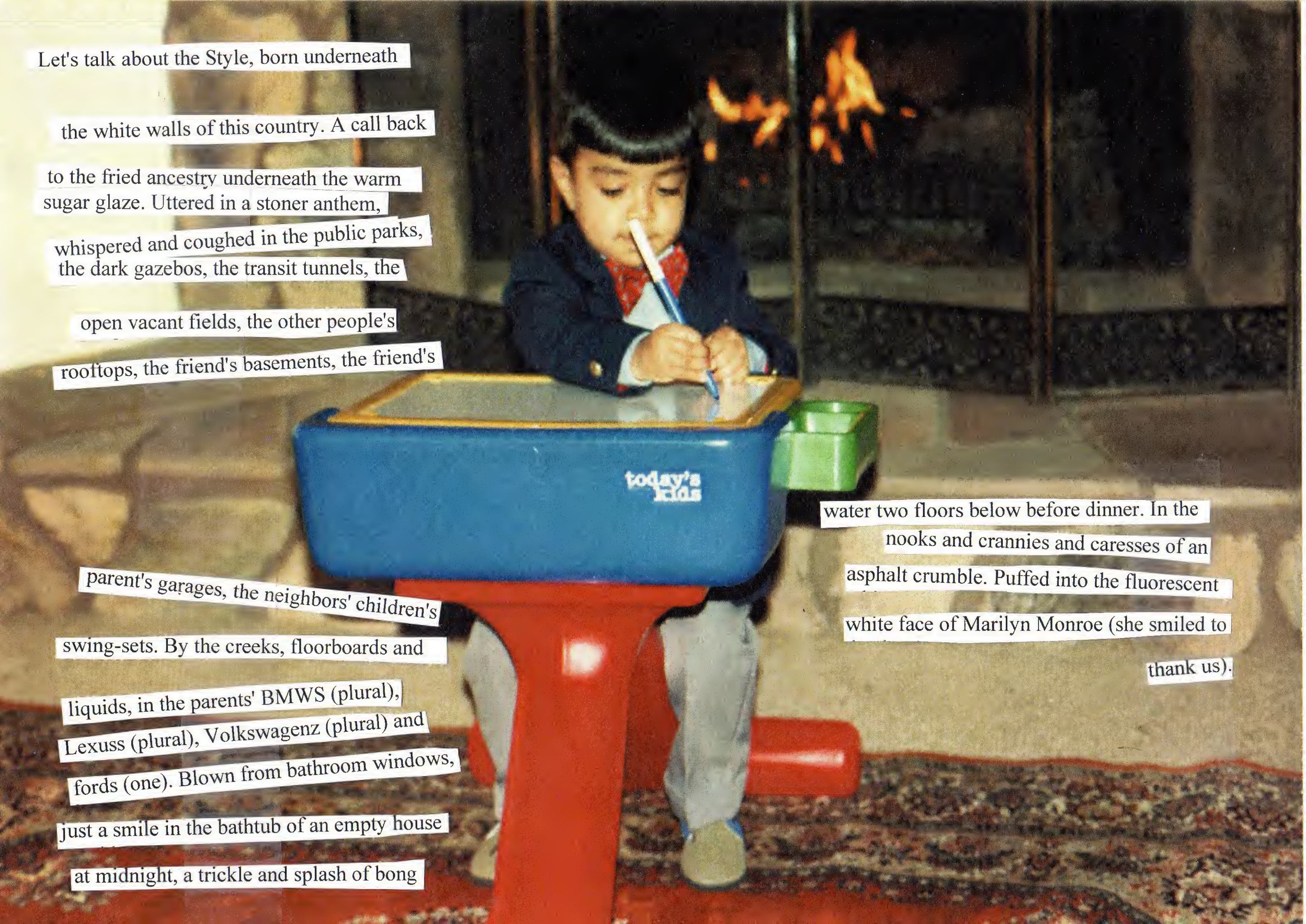
Lexus (plural), Volkswagenz (plural) and

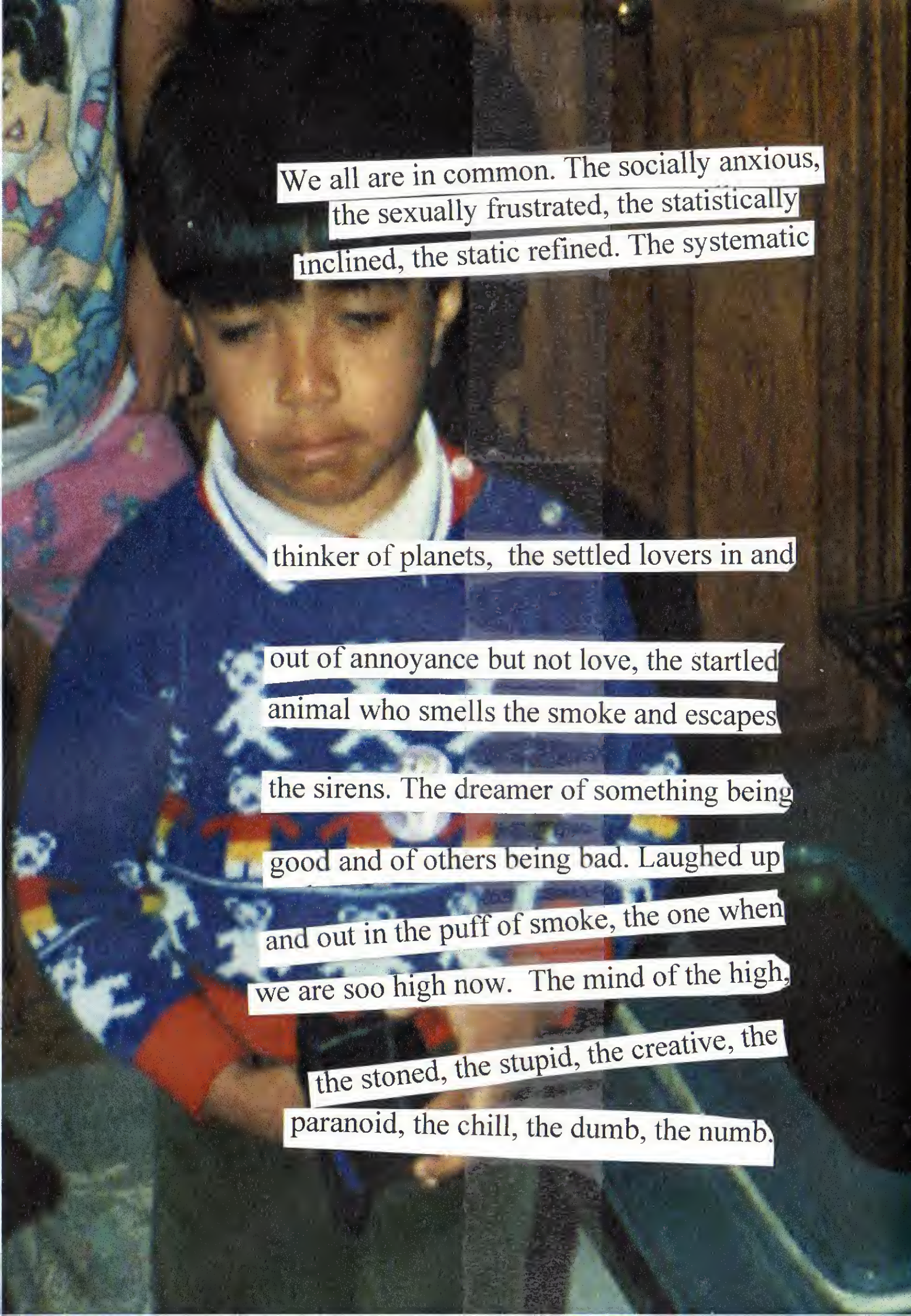
fords (one). Blown from bathroom windows,

just a smile in the bathtub of an empty house

at midnight, a trickle and splash of bong

water two floors below before dinner. In the
nooks and crannies and caresses of an
asphalt crumble. Puffed into the fluorescent
white face of Marilyn Monroe (she smiled to
thank us).





We all are in common. The socially anxious,
the sexually frustrated, the statistically
inclined, the static refined. The systematic

thinker of planets, the settled lovers in and

out of annoyance but not love, the startled
animal who smells the smoke and escapes

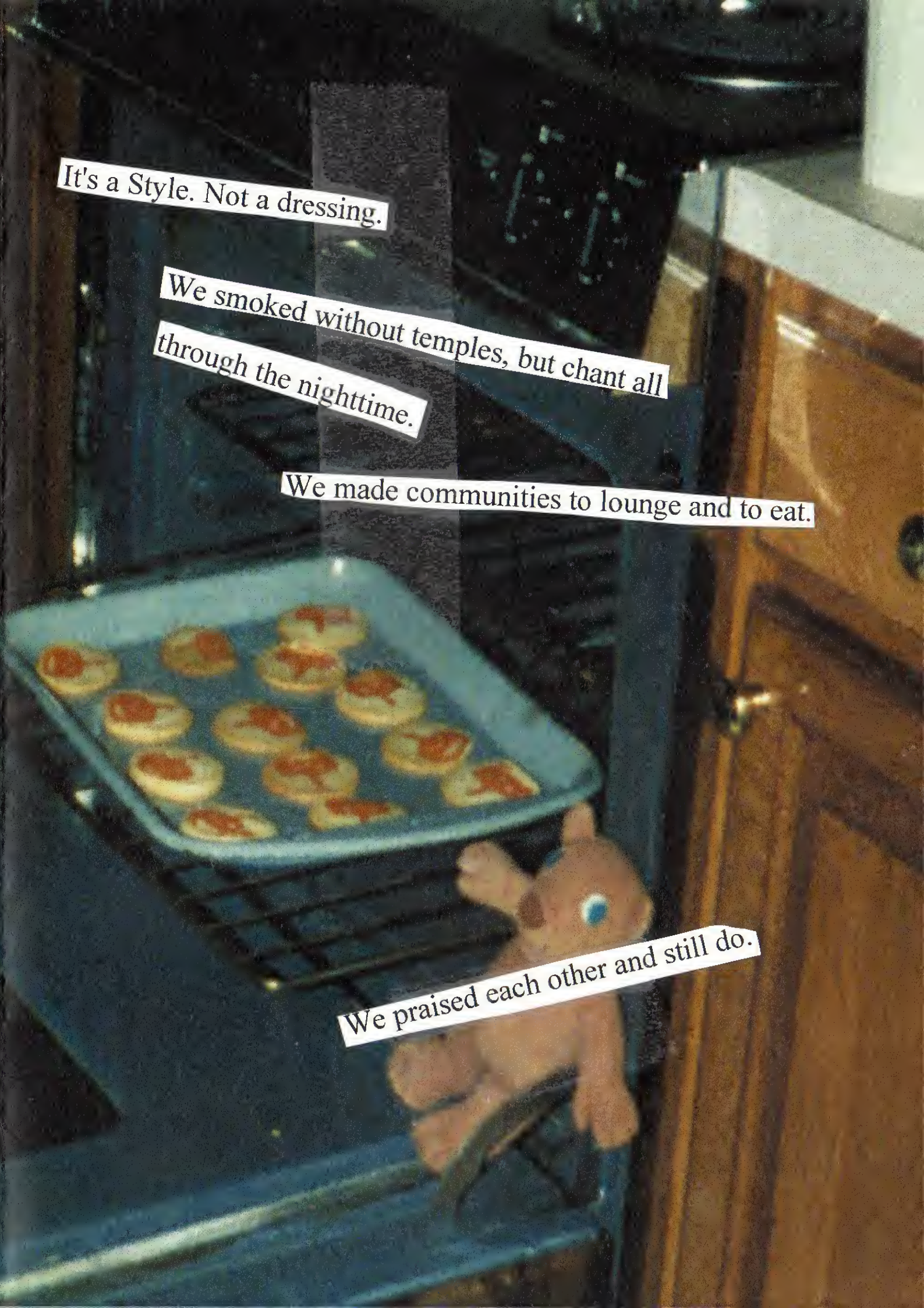
the sirens. The dreamer of something being

good and of others being bad. Laughed up

and out in the puff of smoke, the one when
we are soo high now. The mind of the high,

the stoned, the stupid, the creative, the

paranoid, the chill, the dumb, the numb.

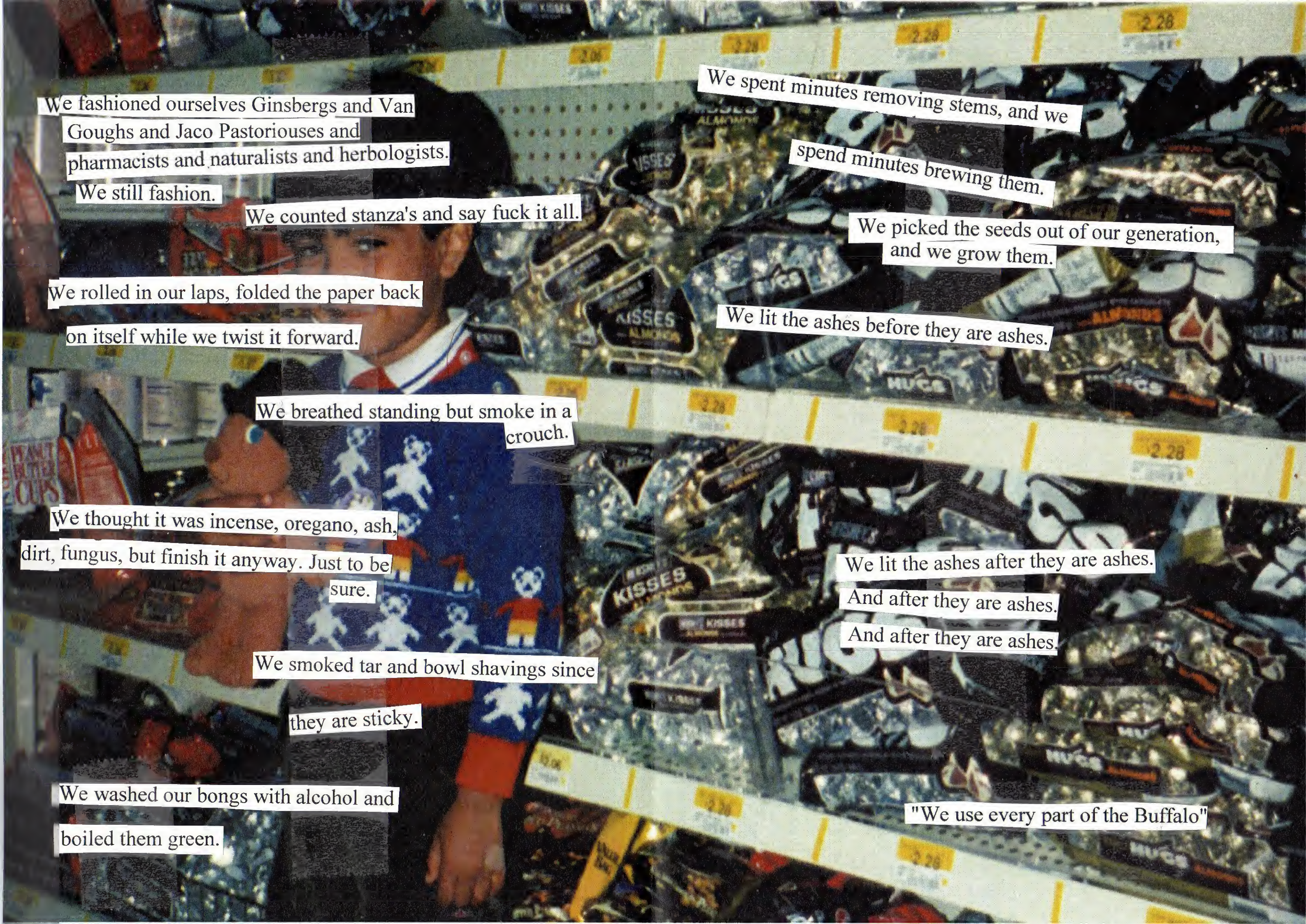


It's a Style. Not a dressing.

We smoked without temples, but chant all
through the nighttime.

We made communities to lounge and to eat.

We praised each other and still do.



We fashioned ourselves Ginsbergs and Van
Goughs and Jaco Pastoriouses and
pharmacists and naturalists and herbologists.
We still fashion.

We counted stanza's and say fuck it all.

We rolled in our laps, folded the paper back
on itself while we twist it forward.

We breathed standing but smoke in a
crouch.

We thought it was incense, oregano, ash,
dirt, fungus, but finish it anyway. Just to be
sure.

We smoked tar and bowl shavings since
they are sticky.

We washed our bongs with alcohol and
boiled them green.

We spent minutes removing stems, and we
spend minutes brewing them.

We picked the seeds out of our generation,
and we grow them.

We lit the ashes before they are ashes.

We lit the ashes after they are ashes.
And after they are ashes.
And after they are ashes.

"We use every part of the Buffalo"



The tribe whispers, "There is always another
hit."



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